





THE TATLER

VOLUME X.

Published by the Junior Classes of
Alton High School, Nineteen Fourteen

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IF YOU SEE ANYTHING YOU WANT, TAKE IT—WE DID



Dedication.

To MISS HELEN A. NAYLOR,

In recognition of her cheerful assistance and co-operation in
in all our school activities, and as a testimonial of the
appreciation of the Junior Class of 1915-16, the
Tatler Board respectfully dedicates this
volume of the Tatler, with the
wish that she may live long
and enjoy many years
of happiness.

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'14





TATLER BOARD

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Eugene Walter

ASST.

Marguerite Hale.

Elmer Nixon

BUS. MGR.

Wm. Stewart.

ADV. MGR.

Emmett Welling

CIR. MGR.

Gould Thurlbatt

ART EDITOR

E. Morris.

ASST.

Harratty Burnap

Alice E. Turney

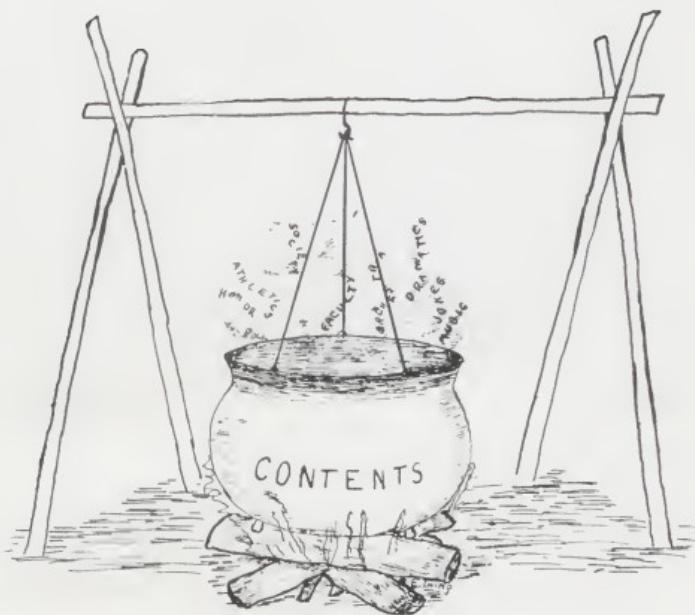
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Foreword

ANOTHER TATLER — another school year completed. In school affairs, as in all other things in life, we are not only apt to forget the ground over which we have trodden but we frequently neglect to gather experience as we go.

In preparing this book we have endeavored to make it a calendar of school events. To the students of 1914 it bears a message from the past. May it recall days of happiness. Let hard lessons be forgotten and failure and discouragement both be blotted out. As you glance over its pages may your face be wreathed in smiles in recalling incidents of days gone by, and may old fellowships and friendships be remembered.





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Faculty





Faculty.

- Principal, B. C. Richardson, A. M., (Syracuse University).
English
- Assistant Principal, C. A. Metz, Ph. M., (Syracuse University).
Geometry and Physical Geography
- Bertha E. Bishop, Ph. M., (Chicago University).
English, Pedagogy
- Bertha Ferguson, A. B., (Shurtleff College).
Latin, German
- Maude Gillham,
Stenography
- Hanna A. Gunderson, (Bradley Polytechnic).
Domestic Science
- L. S. Haight, A. B., (Shurtleff College).
History, Civics, Astronomy
- Sara Hudson,
Drawing
- J. Genevieve Jepson, A. B., (McKendree College).
Geometry, History, Physical Geography, Botany
- Nellie Meiser, A. B., (Indiana University).
German, Latin
- Helen A. Naylor, A. B., (University of Illinois).
Book-Keeping, History, Commercial Arithmetic, Commercial Geography
- I. Oertli, B. S., (Northwestern College of Naperville, Illinois).
Chemistry, Physiology
- G. C. Ritcher, (Illinois State Normal).
Manual Training
- Carolyn M. Wempen, B. S., (Shurtleff College).
Algebra
- Clayton H. Houts, (Oberlin).
Physics and Physiography
- Hazel L. Tompkins, A. B., (Washington University).
English and Latin
- M. Vinot Cartwright, A. B., (Shurtleff College).
English and Latin
- Lecie Riggs, B. M., (Oxford College, Oxford, Ohio).
Music Supervisor

Upper Alton Department

- Robt. L. Lowry,
Algebra, Geometry, Ancient History
- Eusebia Newell Martin, A. B., (Shurtleff College).
Latin, English, German
- C. L. Parker, A. B., (Shurtleff College).
Botany, Zoölogy, Physiology, Physical Geography, History



Requirements

For High Honor—Four regular subjects with no grade below excellent (92), and no demerits.

For Honor—Four regular subjects with no grade below 85, and not more than three demerits.

Where more than four regular subjects have been carried, the number is indicated.

HONOR ROLL, JUNE, 1913

High Honor

Elvira Gormley

Rudolph Knight

Emily Nixon (five subjects)

Mamie Snyder (five subjects)

Bessie Stallings (six subjects)

Helen Joesting (six subjects)

Adolph Wuerker

Louise Draper (five subjects)

Jane Pace (six subjects)

Richard Ryan

Theodosia Taylor

George Walter

Marjorie Browne

Eugene Walter

John Dressler

Marian Goudie

(Also last year; name omitted by mistake)

Honor

Alma Armour	Clyde Schmoeller
Emma Horn	Paul Scott
Casper Jacoby	Walter Wood
Jewell Landon	Adele Sotier
Bert Russell	Edward Stafford
Charles Fairman	Thomas Mayo
Alice Gates	Theodosia Taylor
Helen Hudgens	
Floyd Bolton	
Blanche Browning	Eleanor Mawdsley
Mary Eunice Caywood	Florence Rose
Esther Hill	Harry Snyder
Orland Keyburzt	Ralph Webb
Arthur Horn	Elmer Nixon
Herbert Mueller	Almeda Weindell
Eleanor Jun	Matthews Quigley

HONOR ROLL, FEBRUARY, 1914

High Honor

Theodore Kohlhepp	Louise Draper
Jane Pace	John Dressler
Virginia Taylor	Marian Goudie
Arthur Horn	Verna Andrews
Alice Joesting	

Honor

Helen Joesting	Adele Sotier
Jewell Landon	Edward Stafford
Eunice Redman	Lillian Wentz
	Adolph Wuerker
Raymond Andrews	Leona Koch
Nathan Cassella	Henry Kramer
Charles Fairman	Charles McHenry
Alice Gates	Thomas Mayo
Helen Hudgens	Nina Rintoul
Erwin Koch	Theodosia Taylor
	Bertha Zimmerman
Harriet Burnap	Orland Keyburzt
Mary Eunice Caywood	Charlotte Stamper
Margaret Hile	Emma Sullivan
	Eugene Walter
Gilbert Davies	Ralph Landon (five subjects)
Hazel Gascho	Henrietta Maxeiner
William Kolb	Elsa Schaperkotter
Wilfred Gates	Herbert Mueller
Gladys Gates	Georgia Patterson
Nina Goudie	Margaret Scherrer
Jessie Lowder	Arthur Schmoeller
Edith Mather	Oscar Schoeffler

February Class, 1914

Officers

Bert Russell,	President
Theodore Kohlhepp,	Vice-President
Moreland Rintoul,	Secretary
Adele Sotier,	Treasurer

Colors—Purple and Gold



Bert Russell. Tom Henry. Moreland Rintoul. Margaret Brown. Helen Joesting.

Kanawha.
Class Pres., '12-13.
Art Editor Tatler,
'12.
Class Business
Mgr. Quill, '12.
A. A. & A. Assn.

U. A. Football, '09.
Capt., '10.
Pres. U.A. Literary
& Society, '11.
U. A. Baseball, '11.
Pres. Pushmataha,
'13.
Basketball, '12-13.
Baseball, '12.
U. A. Basketball
Capt. '11.
U. A. Track Capt.,
'11.
Class Basketball,
'11; Capt. '12.
Track '12; Capt. '13.
Football, '11-12.
Capt. '13.

Illini.
Class Secy. '13.
Senior Drill, '12.

Illini.

Kanawha.
Valedictorian.

The younger generation do not want instruction, being willing to instruct if anyone will listen to it.—Charles Forbes.



Jewell Landon. Lillian Luer. Harold Meyers. Eunice Redman. Doris Rubenstein.
Kanawha. Illini. Pushmataha. Pushmataha. Pushmataha.
School Band. Junior Drill. '12.



Dwight Shaff.	Adele Sotier.	Edward Stafford.	Lillian Wentz.	Joseph Walter.
Kanawha, Class Vice Pres. '12. Senior Play, '12.	Secy. Deutsche Verein, '12. Class Treas. '13. Junior Play, '12. Senior Play, '12.	Pres. Kanawha '13. Class Pres. '10-11. Senior Play, '12. Extempore Rep., '13. Debating Team, '14. Sodalitas Latina. Migr. Football, '13. Class Program. Salutatorian.	Pushmataha, Class Secy., '12.	Kanawha. Senior Play. '12.

More men are killed by overwork than the importance of this world justifies.—Heide.



Adolph Wuerker.

Kanawha.
Vice Pres., '12.

My hair is my crowning glory.—Florence Rose.

A man with a ponderous mind.—Gene Walter.

"By mixing chemicals at school and mortar for Houts, I am
a swell mixer."—"Deac" Oertli.

Pure, simple and sweet.—Charlotte Stamper.



SENIORS



And now at last we're
Seniors.
We leave you Alton High,
And turn our thoughts to
other things.
We bid you all, "Good-bye."

10

H.Y.Burney

June Class, 1914

Officers

Edwin Bauer,	President
Charles Fairman,	Vice-President
Jane Pace,	Secretary
Charles McHenry,	Treasurer

Colors—Orange and Blue



Edwin Bauer. Charles Fairman. Jane Pace. Charles McHenry. Raymond Andrews.

Class Pres.'12 13-14.
Vice Pres., '11.
Class Mgr. Quill,
'11-12.
Class Track, '13-14.
Junior Play, '13.
Bus. Mgr. Tatler,
'13.
Mgr. of Basketball
Team, '14.
Debate, '13.
Capt. '14.

Pushmataha.
Capt. Pushmataha
Debating Team,
'12.
Editor Tatler, '13.
Class Vice-Pres. '14
Debating Team, '14
Pres. Sodalitas La-
tina, '13.
Oratorical Repre-
sentative at Car-
bondale and
Champaign.

U. A.
Illini.
Class Secy. '13-14.
Asst. Bus. Manager
Tatler, '13.
V.-Pres. Deutsche
Verein, '13
Secy. Sodalitas La-
tina, '14.
Mgr. Girls' Basket-
ball Team, '14.

Pushmataha.
Class Basketball,
'13-14.
Orchestra.
School Band.
Class Day Program
Committee.
Pres. of U. A. Soci-
ety, '11-12.

Kanawha.

A man is never so happy as when talking about himself.—Tom Henry.



Nina Baker.

Illini.
Class Secy., '12-13.
A. A. & A. Assn.

Louis Beiser.

Kanawha.
Football, '11-'12-'13.
Basketball, '14.
Track, '14.

Clara Bennes.

Secy. Illini, '13.
Junior Play, '13.

Blanche Bell.

Kanawha.

Marguerite Boyd.

Illini.
Quill Staff, '12.
Asst. Art Editor of
Tatler, '13.
Illini Play, '13.
Junior Play, '13.
Sodalitas Latina,
Alton Arts and Ar-
tisans Assn.



Nathan Cassella. Joseph Clevenger.

Pushmataha.
Class Basketball,
'12, '13.
School Band.
Orchestra.
Alethenai.

Kanawha.
Second Team Foot-
ball, '12.
First Team Foot-
ball, '13.
Class Basketball,
'12-'14.
Class Track, '12.
Capt. Class Track,
'13-'14.
Capt. Track Team,
'14.
Track Representa-
tive at State Meet
'13.
Athletic Committee
for Tatler, '13.

Mary Caldwell.

Illini Secy.-Treas.,
'12.
Class Secy.-Treas.,
'12.
Junior Drill, '12.
Senior Drill, '12.

Edgar Degenhardt. Paul Dooling.

Pres. Class '10-11-12.
Athletic Assn. Bd.
of Control, '11.
Glee Club Sextette,
'11.
Tatler Board Cir-
culation Mgr. '13.
Football, '10-11-12.
'13.
Track, '12-13.
Class Track, '14.
Baseball, '12.
Illini Pres., '12.
Junior Play, '13.
Illini Play, '13.
Deutsche Verein,
'13-14.

U. A.
Pushmataha.



Louise Draper. Alvin Fitzgerald. Rogers Farley. Edith Foy. Mildred Ford.

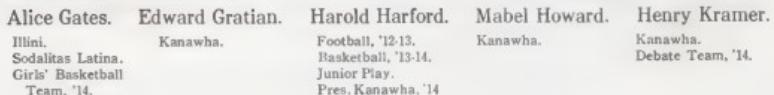
U. A.
Illini.
Sodalitas Latina.
Secy. Deutsche
Verein, '14.
Girls' Basketball
Team, '14.

Illini.

Kanawha.
Class Track, '14.

Illini.

Illini.
Junior Play, '13.



Alice Gates. Edward Gratian. Harold Harford. Mabel Howard. Henry Kramer.

Illini.
Sodalitas Latina.
Girls' Basketball
Team, '14.

Kanawha.

Football, '12-13.
Basketball, '13-14.
Junior Play.
Pres. Kanawha, '14

Kanawha.
Debate Team, '14.

A man whose eloquence hath power to clear the fullest
house in half an hour.—Bath-house Bolton.



Hilda Lenhardt.	Bertha Luer.	Clarence McMullen.	Thomas Mayo.	Minnie Reister.
Kanawha. Deutsche Verein.	Illini.	Pushmataha Pres., '13. Pushmataha Program Com., '12-'13. Orchestra. High School Band '13-'14. Class Day Program Committee.	Kanawha.	Illini.



Frances Richards.	Nina Rintoul.	Alma Robinson.	Elizabeth Rose.	Richard Ryan.
U. A. Pushmataha. Deutsche Verein. Sodalitas Latina. Girls' Basketball Team, '14. Orchestra.	Illini.	Illini.	Illini. Class Vice Pres., '12-'13. Asst. Art. Editor of Tatler, '13. Junior Play, '13. Vice Pres. Sodalitas Latina, '13. Deutsche Verein. A.H.S. Girls' Quartette. A. A. & A. Assn. Capt. Girls' Basketball Team, '13-'14.	Pres. Illini, '13. Captain Debating Team, '14. Sodalitas Latina. U. A. Class Pres., '13. Illini Play, '12. Illini Program Committee, '12. Illini Vice-Pres., '13. School Debating Team, '13. Class Treas., '13. School Extravagore Representative at Carbondale, '13. Junior Play, '13. Asst. Editor Tatler, '13.



Gertrude Schaperkotter. Jack Shank. Theodore Smith. Ethel Stahl. Theodosia Taylor.

Kanawha.
Deutsche Verein.

Illini.

Pushmataha.
Usher, '14.
Secy-Treas. Push-
mataha, '12.
Sodalitas Latina.

U. A.
Illini.
Art Editor Tatler,
'13.
A. A. & A. Assn.

Illini.
Secy.-Treas., '14.
Deutsche Verein.
Class Day Program
Committee.



Vanderveer Voorhees. Rowena Wagner. Dorothy Williams. Walter Wilson. Bertha Zimmerman.

Pushmataha.

U. A.
Illini.
A.H.S. Girls' Quar-
tette.

U. A.
Secy. Pushmataha,
'13.
Junior Play, '13.
Deutsche Verein.

Pushmataha.
Football, '12-'13.
Class Track, '13.

Pushmataha.
Deutsche Verein.

Too much work and too much energy kill a man.—Harold Harford.

February Class, 1915

Officers

George Walter, President
Herbert Schindewolf, Vice-President
Elsie Hartmann, Secretary and Treasurer



George Walter. Herbert Schindewolf. Elsie Hartman. Floyd Bolton. Harriet Burnap.

Kanawha.
Class Pres., '12-'13.
'14.
Basketball, '14.
Class Track, '14.
Track, '14.
Debate Team, '14.

Pushmatawha.
Class Basketball,
'13-'14.
Class Vice Pres.,
'12-'13-'14.

Ilini.
Class Secy., '14.
Basketball, '14.
Quill Staff, '12.

Kanawha.
Deutsche Verein.
Extempore Repre-
sentative at Car-
bondale, '14.
Junior Play.

U. A.
Kanawha.
Secy.-Treas. '14.
Sodalitas Latina.
Class Pres., '12-'13.
Tatler Board Asst.
Art Editor, '14.
Junior Play, '14.

It is good to snuff the wind as it comes up over the grassy uplands
from the lowlands of Hop Hollow.—Gould Hurlbutt.



Gladys Clark.

Illini.

Edith Daniels.

U. A.
Illini.
Pres. U. A. Society.

Wilbert Hart

Pushmataha.

Margaret Hile.

U. A.
Pres. U. A. Society.
Illini.

James Hearne.

Pushmataha.



Benjamin Powell. Henry Schoeffler. Thelma Seitz. Louise Stiritz. Ruth Winchester.

Kanawha,
Basketball, '14.

Kanawha.

Illini.

Illini.

Kanawha.

There is no life so good as the life of a loafer who
travels by rail and road.—Will Baker.



Grace Johnstone. Erwin Koch.

Illini.

Pushmataha.

Mae Ohnsorg. Hazel Parrish.

Illini.

Class Secy., '10-'11.
Secy. Pushmataha,
'14.

Roscoe Poole.

pushmataha.
C. Freshman
Baseball Team,
'11.
Football, '12-13.
Basketball '13,
Capt. '14.
Class Basketball,
'11-12-13-14.
C. Class Basket-
ball '12.
Baseball, '12.
Class Track, '12-13-
14.
Vice-Pres. Pushma-
taha, '13.
Pres. Pushmataha,
'14.



Elizabeth Zerwekh.

Illini.
President Deutsche
Verein, '14.
A.H.S. Girls' Quar-
tette.
Art Society.
Verse Committee
Tatler, '13.

Thomas Wimber.

Pushmataha.





Juniors



The Tatler is our
masterpiece
The first one long ago
Was published by a Junior
class,
But this one's best.
we know.
HYB



June Class, 1915

Officers

William Stewart,	President
Harold Dodge,	Vice-President
Eugene Walter.	Secretary
Mary Eunice Caywood,	Treasurer



William Stewart. Harold Dodge. Eugene Walter. Eunice Caywood. Elizabeth Wade.

WILLIAM STEWART—

Florence calls him "William,"
The teachers call him "Will."
No one calls him "Willie."
The rest all call him "Bill."

HAROLD DODGE—

He's quite a football hero,
And a famous actor, too;
As villain of the Junior play
He thrilled us thru and thru.

EUGENE WALTER—

My eyes are very heavy,
My head whirls—more or less—
I'm pretty near exhausted,
The TATTER'S gone to press.

MARY EUNICE CAYWOOD—

My hair is very curly,
My face is very white;
Yet to effect this beauty
It takes me most the night.

ELIZABETH WADE—

I wade thru' all my lessons,
Because I cannot swim.
Pates says "Study's a waste of time"
And I agree with him.

Wm. Stewart to Florence: "You're a darling in many ways and I like you."



Clara Bauer. Bessie Bockstruck. Irene Brecht. Marjorie Brown. Elsie Brown.

CLARA BAUER—

She's Edwin's little sister,
And quite a favored lass;
She's always in a hurry,
Yet late to ev'ry class.

BESSIE BOCKSTRUCK—

She's quite an ardent student,
And dearly loves her books;
Boys are her smallest worry,
She doesn't like their looks.

IRENE BRECHT—

She's very calm and deliberate,
And always takes her time;
According to *her* standard
To rush would be a crime.

MARJORIE BROWN—

She's quite a shark in geometry,
Originals are her specialty;
She could (I'm sure) very easily
Give ev'ry proof from "A" to "Z."

ELSIE BROWN—

She holds her head so very high,
You'd think her neck would break;
And yet she's not the least bit proud,
As many folks mistake.

BLANCHE BROWNING—

My mind is quite unsettled;
I'll think, "This boy's the best,"
And then there'll come another
Who surpasses all the rest.

MILDRED CHAPPELL—

She likes to talk to Orland;
Vice versa is as true:
It's lots of fun to watch them
And see just what they do.

RAYMOND CLIFFORD—

I thought Pietown very nice
Until I came down here:
But here's so many pretty girls
I'll hate to leave next year.

ANNA CLYNE—

I'm going to be an actress,
And on the stage win fame;
Some day upon the billboards
Perhaps you see my name.

BURTON COBLEY—

He's always making cute remarks
In places they don't fit;
And tho' he's sometimes clever,
We can't call him a wit.



Blanche Browning. Mildred Chappell. Raymond Clifford. Anna Clyne. Burton Copley.



Hazel Crouch.

HAZEL CROUCH—

She'll some day rival Melba.
Her voice *could* bring her fame,
But somehow pleasing "Degie"
Is her one and only aim.

Lucile Dawson.

LUCILE DAWSON—

Sarcasm is my middle name.

But people act so silly;
These girls forever talk of boys,
It's Jimmie, Jack or Willie.

Mary Demuth.

MARY DEMUTH—

Mary is a bookworm,

She studies with a will;
The chances are, a year from now,
She'll be a Junior still.

IRENE FRIES

She's jolly and she's friendly,
And she always tries to please,
She's never cool to anyone,
Altho' her name is Fries.

ULLA GISSLER —

You always see her laughing,
This winsome little lass;
In fact she is the "cut-up"
Of the nineteen-fifteen class.

HARRIET HERBERT —

I always know my lessons,
Most of all my chemistry;
But when the Deacon calls my name
He scares it out of me.

ESTHER HILL —

Esther always takes her time,
She's never in a hurry.
If you should cry "Run, run, a fire!"
She'd answer, "I should worry!"

Irene Fries. Ulla Gissler.

GOULD HURLBUTT —

He's quite a lady killer,
This handsome dashing lad;
He always has his lessons,
And you cannot make him mad.

DOUGLASS JOHNSTON —

Douglass, tho' he is a dig,
Has a heart that's warm and big.
Lyndell says that he's true blue,
And I guess she knows, don't you?

ORLAND KEYBURTZ —

He plays like Mendelsohn or Liszt,
Some day he'll famous be;
And B. C. will feel proud to say
"He went to school to me."



Harriet Herbert. Esther Hill. Gould Hurlbut. Douglas Johnston. Orland Keyburtz.



Myrtle Keyser. Esther Leeper. Mary Lewis. Cleo McDow. Eunice McFetridge.

MYRTLE KEYSER—

I used to study awf'ly hard,
But found it didn't pay;
Now since I've left off working
I grow an inch per day.

ESTHER LEEPER—

I wish that all our football games
Were played with W. M. A.
For there I have so many friends,
I love to watch them play.

MARY LEWIS—

Mary's very fond of soup.
It brings sweet memories;
For as she sips (in fancy)
A stalwart lad she sees.

CLEO McDOW—

He's next year's foot ball captain,
We're sure he'll win each game.
But if perchance he doesn't,
We'll like him just the same.

EUNICE MCFETRIDGE—

She's very light and airy,
And jolly as you please;
She's very tender-hearted,
But dearly loves to tease.

MARJORIE MCKENNY—

She's not so very lively,
But all the same she's sweet;
She's just the very kind of girl
That you would like to meet.

MARY MALEY—

Mary has a little smile,
As some of you may know:
And every time that she sees Fred
That smile is sure to glow.

ELEANOR MAWDSEY—

She talks! talks! talks!
All the live-long day.
And when the sun again has set
There's nothing left to say.

IRENE MEDARIS—

She isn't fond of science,
That she will verify;
Yet loves to work in Physic's Lab.
And say, "*I wonder why?*"

RUTH MICHELBUCH—

Each day I fix my flaxen hair
In some new wondrous way;
I think some time I'll have a shop
And just fix hair all day.



Marjorie McKenny. Mary Maley. Eleanor Mawdsley. Irene Medaris. Ruth Michelbuch.



Thomas Moran. Lyndell Morris. Beulah Munger. Elizabeth Koch. Lewis Pates.

TOM MORAN—

A jolly Irish lad is Tom,
His laugh is quite contagious.
He's never sad, but always glad,
And thinks a scowl outrageous.

LYNDELL MORRIS—

I'm authority on drawing,
And I know most everything.
There isn't much that I can't do—
Oh, loud my praises sing.

BEULAH MUNGER—

What care I for lessons,
Or other such dry stuff?
I condescend to come to school,
And that is quite enough.

ELIZABETH KOCH—

It's very true my name is Koch,
But that's not all I do;
To hear me bring forth music
Would astonish all of you.

LEWIS PATES—

I love the little trees and flowers,
And birds I like to see.
But I must say that best of all
I love the little "Bee."

FLORENCE ROSE—

Our brightest girl is Flossie Rose,
Her halo makes her so.
Tho' days are dark, it's always light
Wherever she may go.

WILLIAM SCHAEFER—

William is a model boy,
He never laughs, for fear
A teacher whom he hasn't seen
May suddenly appear.

RAYMOND SCHAUWEKER—

Raymond is a blushing youth,
And Theo's dearest friend;
When friendship is as dear as their's
You can't tell how 'twill end.

ELMER SCHWARTZBECK—

He knows the masters all by heart,
He studies with a will;
But when he starts on ragtime
Our feet just won't be still.

FAY SCOTT—

The roses bloom upon her cheeks
When snow lies on the ground;
The weather makes no difference,
They bloom the whole year 'round.



Florence Rose. Wm. Schaefer. Raymond Schauweker. E. Schwartzbeck. Fay Scott.



Addah Seely. Eva Shearlock. Harry Snyder. Charlotte Stamper. Sophia Steiner.

ADDAH SEELEY—

She's very sweet and lovable,
And likes to paint and draw;
Her pictures are just wonderful.
Without a single flaw.

CHARLOTTE STAMPER—

C. S. stands for common sense,
She surely is a worker;
None ever caught her bluffing,
For she never was a shirker.

JOSEPHINE VAN PRETER—

She's very set in all her ways,
If once she decides a thing;
You cannot change her opinion
If you argue from fall till spring.

EVA SHEARLOCK—

I'm crazy for a dimple,
But somehow mine won't grow;
If anyone can help me,
I wish they'd let me know.

SOPHIA STEINER—

We have to listen carefully
To tell if she's around,
Because she's very bashful and
She never makes a sound.

DOROTHY VOLZ—

She starred last year in the Illini
As a prophet of that society;
A prophet at that early age—
Why, some day she will be a sage!

HARRY SNYDER—

Who has a voice as soft as a breeze
And color as deep as a rose?
Who has a rare but winning smile?
Why Harry—who did you suppose?

EMMA SULLIVAN—

She's faithful as a shadow,
To Mildred every day;
She's nearly always with her,
At home, at school, at play.

RALPH WEBB—

A very considerate fellow,
And especially polite;
He's steady at his lessons
And works with all his might.



Emma Sullivan. Josephine Van Preter. Dorothy Volz. Ralph Webb.

February Class, 1916

Officers

Arthur Horn, President
Alice Twing, Vice-President
McKinley Hamilton, Secretary and Treasurer



Arthur Horn. McKinley Hamilton. Alice Twing. Ralph Landon. Lucille Lehne.

ARTHUR HORN—

Arthur's quite an actor,
As you perhaps now know.
He also plays the violin,
And makes the music "go."

MCKINLEY HAMILTON—

I keep busy with my lessons,
For girls are naught to me;
For they're very silly creatures,
I'm sure that you'll agree.

RALPH LANDON—

Giggle, giggle all the day
Is what they say I do;
But lots of times I really work
When all my fun is thru.

ALICE TWING—

She's hard to get acquainted with,
But when you know her well,
You'll vouch for all the good in her
Of which so many tell.

LUCILLE LEHNE—

I grin and talk and giggle
As I go my way,
But don't think that I go alone,
I'm helped along by Ray.

Tobacco makes men ugly and short-winded. I tell you this from experience.
I have smoked for many years.—Mr. L. S. Haight.



Victor Andrews. Harvey Calame. Wallace Colonius.

VICTOR ANDREWS—

Victor has talent for drawing,
Miss Hudson says that is true.
If he'd only keep on working
Many wonders he could do.

LEONE ELWELL—

She'll give a saucy answer
To anything you say;
And if you do not please her
She'll tell you right away.

Leone Elwell. Millard Fuller.

MARIAN GOUDIE—

Marian's Mildred's cousin,
Just as bright as she;
It seems they all are bright ones
Upon that family tree.

MILLARD FULLER—

Mechanics are his hobby,
And almost any day
You can see him drawing motors
To pass his time away.

PHYLLIS GASKINS—

Phyllis is a jolly maid,
To many she is true.
Of all the colors that she likes
Her choice is "cadet blue."

DAISY JOESTING—

She tangos when she eats,
She tangos when she walks,
She tangos when she sleeps,
She tangos when she talks.

HARVEY CALAME—

Harvey is an orator,
He outwits Charles and Dick;
For him to win a contest
Would be an easy trick.

WALLACE COLONIUS—

Wallace is a fine young man,
But doesn't notice girls.
I guess he doesn't like their smiles.
Their dimples and their curls.

MILDRED GOUDIE—

I take great pride in camp fire,
And think it is just grand,
Why some folks call it childish
I cannot understand.

EARL HEIDE—

He has great reasoning power,
As Mr. Houts can tell.
In Physics' "Questions and Problems"
He surely does excel.



Phyllis Gaskins. Marian Goudie. Mildred Goudie. Daisy Joesting. Earl Heide.



Helen Lowry. Emmet Melling. Sadie Meriwether. Orville Pierce. Elmer Nixon.

HELEN LOWRY

Children should be seen, not heard,
Is what my teachers say;
And so I never make a sound.
Unless they say I may.

SADIE MERIWETHER—

It's always merry weather
Whenever I'm about.
My giggle and the jokes I tell
Would make you laugh and shout.

MARGARET MORFOOT—

A favorite in high school, since
Regardless of your name,
Pretty, ugly, rich or poor,
She treats you just the same.

EMMET MELLING—

"Emmet" means "ant," so we learned
in our class,
And you know that the ant's always
busy;
But he only motors with fair Adaline,
So he's not industrious, *is he?*

ORVILLE PIERCE—

'Tis true I am a red-head,
But that is no disgrace;
The fact is soon forgotten
When you look upon my face.

ELMER NIXON—

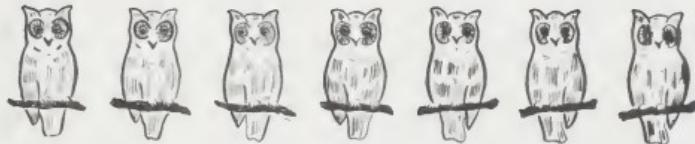
Buzz Nixon, like the little bee,
Is busy all the day;
But still has time to talk to girls
Whene'er they come his way.

FRED BARNARD—

He's always asking questions,
From nine till half past three;
If "questioning" makes "learning,"
Some day he'll brilliant be.



Margaret Morfoot. Fred Barnard.



SOPHOMORES



We Sophomores are just as wise
As any owl you'll find
And even at this early age we leave
The Seniors far behind.

E.G.D.



M. BURNA

June Class, 1916

Officers

James Parker,	President
Joseph Dromgoole,	Vice-President
Elsa Schaperkotter,	Secretary
Warren Tipton,	Treasurer



Names (left to right): Hedwig Dorman, Helen Ghent, John Dressler, Hildred Clevenger, Celia Henderson, Carl Koenig, Lillian Knight, Marie Meyers.



Names (left to right): William Kolb, Adele Nicolet, George Rennebaum, Lillian Brecht, Warren Tipton, Eva Voorhees, Carrie Michael.



Names (left to right): Beulah Benner, Anna Lynn, Elizabeth Maddock, Ethel Strong,
Hazel Gascho, Bessie Gascho, Florence Mathie.



Names (left to right): Edward Stafford, Mae Faulstich, Lucille Unterbrink, William Blakely, Eleanor Crain, Mildred McDonald, Eleanor Rice, Edward Meriwether.



Name (left to right): John Bockstruck, Ida Rubenstein, Harold Brown, Minnie Beiser,
Leon Sotier, Eleanor Findley, Lester Sutton.



Names (left to right): Eugene Hochstuhl, Marguerite Zeigler, Gilbert Davies, Henrietta Maxeiner, Joseph Dromgoole, Loretta Holl, Albert Voges, Elsa Schaperkotter.

Remainder of Enrollment.

Freshmen.

Paris Arbuckle.	Allen Gaskins.
Marion Busse.	Howard Green.
Dolly Dickerson.	Richard Martin.
Benton Ellington.	Edgar Shelton.
Agnes Gilbert.	Robert Armstead.
Hazel Hathaway.	George Braun.
Lucille Johnson.	Melba Green.
Wm. Kruse.	James Parker.
Emily Price.	Herman Schaller.
John Reed.	Albert Voges.
Roma Reilly.	Galbraith Williams.
Frank Rynders.	
Clarence Smith.	
Roland Taylor.	
Helen Vahle.	
John VanPreter.	

Juniors.

Charles Heventhal.
Charlotte Hummert.
Henrietta Green.

Sophomores.

Louise Bauer.
Lucille Galloway.

Seniors.

Helen Hudgens.
Robert May.
Theo. Kohlhepp.

February Class, 1917

Officers

Marie Thrailkill,	President
Ross Sherwood,	Vice-President
Wilfred Gates,	Secretary and Treasurer



Names (right to left): Ross Sherwood, Virgil Parker, Dorothy Penrose, Leland Smith, Mary McPhillips, Herbert Mueller, Wilfred Gates.



Names (left to right): George Matthews, Eleanor Jun., David Sparks, Marie Thrailkill, Mary Peters, Walter Bensinger, Doris Coyle.



Names (left to right): Earl Armour, Vera Stice, Matthews Quigley, Grace Frazier, Roy Cannon, Elizabeth Robinson, Reid Young, Almeda Weindel.

U. A. Sophomore Class

Officers

Carl Megowen,	President
Sophia Calame,	Vice-President
Cleda Ghent,	Secretary and Treasurer



Names (left to right): Cleda Ghent, Marie Boyd, Clement Deeds, Nettie Cummings, Margaret Schwab, Lucian Sims, Lucille Cartwright, Stella Milford.



Names (left to right): Sibyl Johnson, Marie Prugh, Etta Haynes, Beulah McDow, Cecil Stahl, Ellen Kittinger, Margarieta Hienemann, Merlin Terhune.



Names (left to right): Velma Smith, Alice Leese, Frank Dodge, Susan Show, Carl Megowen, Sophia Calame, Julia Jameson.

FRESHMEN



We've just begun our
great career
A bunch of babies we.
But with the Juniors for
our guide
Some day we'll famous be.

Evelyn G. Daniel

MY BUTTOP

June Class, 1917

Officers

Marion Busse,	President
Arthur Schmoeller,	Vice-President
Oscar Schoeffler,	Secretary and Treasurer



Names (left to right): Theresa Pelot, John Blair, Thelma Nunn, Eva Miller, Anna Stobbs, Walter Reis, Grace Connerly.



Names (left to right): Tressa Mathus, Arthur Schmoeller, Hazel Hathaway, Robert Kelsey, Verna Brueggeman, Louis Lock, Viola Rynders.



Name (left to right): Harry Luer, Jessie Lowder, Georgia Patterson, Dorothy Ewan,
Mildred Gifford, Gladys Gates, Charles Smith.



Names (left to right): Helen Kaufman, Robert Uzzell, Adaline Gill, Oscar Schoeffler,
Leona Nickel, Harold Stamps, Ruth Williams.



Names (left to right): Lydia Huntley, Earle Osborn, Helen Rintoul, Spencer Olin,
Norma Scribner, Garret Brown, Henrietta Hermes, Frank Bennes.



Names (left to right): Edith Mather, Emil Michelbuch, Azelda Hunt, Cecil Dawson,
Martha Kight, Henry Lenhardt, Alva Joesting.



Names (left to right): Glenn Rankin, Margaret Scherer, Verna Andrews, Helen Miller,
LaVerna Ruddy, Harriet Hyndman, Nina Goudie, John Bailey.

"Oh, Papa, I want to be a sport."—Ross Sherwood.

The glory (?), joke and riddle of the school.—Edwin Bauer.

February Class, 1918

Officers

Charles Forbes,	President
Faye Davis,	Vice-President
Ethel Ghent,	Secretary and Treasurer



Names (left to right): Faye Davis, Calla Meyers, Charles Forbes, Ethel Ghent, Cicely Evans, Nelson Caldwell, Sidney Long, Mary Belle Wimber, Walter Mawdsley.



Names (left to right): Lelia Perrins, Albert Mosier, Mildred Linkogle, Edwin Stillwell, Ida Toole, Charles Swope, Carlin Goudie.



Names (left to right): Bertha Henderson, Charles Oehler, Maude Klaybolt, Ruth Weber, Wilma Webb, Morris Mayford, Katherine Koch.



Names (left to right): Ellison Enos, Helen Shine, Joseph Zimmerman, Nina Corbett, Edwin Francis, Myrtle Springer, William Brandeweide, Lucille Montgomery.



Names (left to right): Mildred Weisbach, Miles Roberts, Lillian Keller, Frank VanPreter, Leone Giberson, Lester Glassbrenner, Lazelle Kessinger.

U. A. Freshman Class

Officers

Carl Welch,	President
Mary Dawson,	Vice-President
Tracy Thomas,	Secretary and Treasurer



Names (left to right): Anna Schwab, Dorothy Horton, George Bennes, Helen Powell, Carl Blase, Alice Halton.



Names (left to right): Mayme Dickson, Mabel Henthorne, Murray Henry, Edith Culp, Carl Welch, Marion Stamper, Helen Wilkinson.



Names (left to right): Erwin Hebner, Irene Stalp, Helen Kauffold, Homer Franke, Lucia Dailey, Mary Dawson, Udell Stallings.



Names (left to right): Cyrus Daniels, Jessie Jameson, Lucy Calame, George Trairs,
Clara Hauser, Harry Foster.



Names (left to right): Gladys Sydney, Lenore Cartwright, Clinton Gent, Bertha Benny,
Clifford Richards, Edith Howell, Ethel Shattuck.



Names (left to right): Velma Van Fossan, Edna Culp, Horace Weston, Violet Temple,
Henry Pace, Mildred Sims, Wilhelmina Megowen.

FOOTBALL



Football Team



Tom Henry, the star full back of A. H. S. for three successive years, certainly deserved his position as captain. With a team of raw material Tom worked hard and developed a team that was a credit to Alton High. Tom's ground-gaining desires and bull-like rushes banished the hopes of many an opposing team. Alton High lost a great player when Tom graduated, but we are glad to learn that he has assumed the position of manager of the horseless carriage department of the Henry Vehicle Company.

"Red" McDow, captain-elect of the 1914 team, made a brave attempt to play quarter to fill the vacancy left by Harford. He showed what his real position was when Harford came back by starring at right end. Although at first "Red" was nervous because of his new position, by sheer hard practice he fully earned his "A" and captaincy.

"A fond kiss and then we sever."—"Bub" Harford and Louise Bauer.

My one ambition is to go with a girl.—Leland Smith.

Lynn Beiser, another of the 1913 heavy men, distinguished himself at almost every position on the team. His weight and grit (acquired in cement-mixing) made him a very capable man. At Edwardsville he made glorious history for Alton when he punted the ball from one end of the field to the other.



Although Joe Clevenger was not intended for football, his wonderful grit and his willingness to practice made Joe a favorite of the Alton High School rooters. His ability, acquired in the mile run, overcame whatever defects he may have had in weight and made him a valuable left half back.

Joe Walter, another of the February graduates, and also a farmer, made a record to be proud of. Joe's build was not exactly that of a tackler, but his will overcame this. If the team of 1914 has a few like Joe Walter we will guarantee it success.



Louis Beiser. One of the gamest men on our team, and a willing worker, was certainly found in this living prototype of the Germanic species. It made no difference to Louis what the score was, or what girls were on the side lines. End runs were invented for Louie to perform, and he was a terror to many an opposing end. We learn with sorrow that Louis will sever his connection with the school next June.



An A. H. S. foot ball team without Alex is like a desert without sand. Alex broke into the game against Jacksonville with such vim that he was knocked out twice. Again in the Greenfield game he showed his ability as a runner by running the length of the field at full speed in an endeavor to prevent Greenfield's scoring.



Notwithstanding the fact that Russell did not discover his talent for foot ball until his Senior year, his playing then was certainly good. He was new to the game, but he learned quickly, and constant practice made him a steady, reliable guard. In addition to this, Bert did not have any ladies to worry his youthful mind.

Dodge, who rivals even "Hevy" in beauty, certainly deserves credit for his tackling and line plunging. Dodge's playing was greatly like that of the "Peerless Leader," "Punk" Woods. Although at times everything seemed against our team, Dodge never gave up, but hit all the harder. In several games Dodge's features were disfigured, and in the Western game he played so hard that Western deemed it best to get him out of the game.

"Degy," the biggest man on the team, with his huge carcass ($2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. heavier than last year) made a soft pillow for many a wandering warrior (?). "Degy" never missed a practice without an excuse. His plunges thru' center were never interrupted until he journeyed to Jacksonville, where "Degy" was rudely intercepted by a college center.

Parker's first year in foot ball showed that he possessed the requisite ability for center. Barring the one occasion at Jacksonville, Jimmy got the jump on every opposing center, especially the Greenfield man. Parker's chances for next year are indeed excellent.





Tom's Little Brother, alias Murray Henry, inherited the foot ball instincts common to all the Henry family. His work as guard deserves special mention in this public-spirited annual. Murray surely bids fair to become one of the next year's star players.

"Bub," the lightest man on the team, is one of the gamiest little fellows to be found. Although "Bub" was put out of the game in the early part of the season by a broken ligament, every night he was out (with the girls) for practice. This being "Bub's" fifth year he has a good prospect of graduating in June, but perchance he may play on next year's team.

One of the sturdiest men on the team, and one that always could be depended upon, is "Butch" Wilson. "Butch" plays foot ball with the same enthusiasm that he shows in his desire to become a minister. His position at guard gave him no chance for spectacular playing, but called for the steady grind which is so necessary for foot ball.

"Roc" Poole was in every way a rock at left end. When this Irishman made up his mind to play "good" there was nothing could stop him. On receiving forward passes, Poole was a regular basket, and in following up kicks, he was a sure tackler. His tackling reminded one of a mowing machine. Poole also deserves credit for attracting many girls to the games, and for the stirring speeches he delivered on several occasions.

All the other appurtenances of the team, to-wit, a water carrier, a business manager and a coach, faithfully did their part. The business manager was as tight in paying out money as "Jap" in giving out water, and as a result the team had a small (?) spread.



Football

Although the foot ball season of 1913 found almost an entire squad of new players, the enthusiasm of the candidates promised at the start a successful season. The boys started practice on the second day of school with the "best full-back of the state," and with a coach of great local renown, and also an assistant coach, a certain Mr. Houts, who protected Mr. Haight on one or two occasions against several rude, vicious antagonists who wished to harm our excellent pedagogue. Even if, as the following record will show, the team did not win every game, the reputation which they earned of being a "square bunch" and the spirit of the rooters cannot be overlooked.

The first game was scheduled against East St. Louis, but was canceled and a game quickly arranged with Carrollton. Many of the men on each team were new, but they played a clean, hard game. For three quarters our boys contented themselves with holding Carrollton scoreless, but by a series of bucks in the last quarter, Henry made the only score of the game which resulted in a 6 to 0 victory for Alton.

The following Saturday, Coach Haight took the team to Jacksonville, where they met one of the strongest teams in the state. The game was played on Illinois College grounds. Because Alton was not acquainted with this field, Jacksonville scored in the first two minutes of play, but failed to kick goal. Alton's defense grew stronger, but try as hard as they could they were unable to score. The line was greatly weakened because Alex was knocked out in the first quarter, and again in the third quarter, when he came back in the game. When the game ended the score stood 12 to 0 in favor of Jacksonville.

On October 11 we entertained Springfield at Sportsman's park, and when the frolic ended, the referee announced the score as 21 to 7 in favor of the visitors. This was the first foot ball contest between Springfield and Alton in five years and a large number of alumni attended the game. Henry made the only score for Alton, while "Alex," "Butch," Dodge and Louis Beiser played their usual good game.

Loyola Hall, a preparatory school for Washington U., came to Alton on October 25 with a good team which was confident of winning. After about three minutes of scrimmage, their hopes were diminished. As the game went on and Henry, Dodge, Beiser, Alex, Poole and young "Degy" became interested, Alton showed more of her old form than in any previous game of the season. Although the school did not turn out in very large numbers, we were all glad that the score stood 41 to 0 in our favor.

Many reports had come to us of Greenfield's success thruout the season, but we went to Sportsman's Park on Saturday, November 1, just as confident of victory as ever. Greenfield had a strong team and

one good runner, who proved our undoing. For three and one-half quarters of the game, both teams played splendidly and neither side could make much headway. But in the last part of the fourth quarter, Greenfield's star end, receiving the ball from Tom on a fumble, made a spectacular 70-yard run for the only score of the game. Lynn Beiser, who was guarding him, failed to tackle and Alex, our own sprinter, although handicapped by his position, made a commendable effort to overtake the man, but failed. The rooters who accompanied the Greenfield team became frantic in their applause, while the Alton rooters were correspondingly depressed. The remainder of the game left the score as it was, 6 to 0.

On the following Saturday, the team journeyed to St. Charles to play its only game outside the state. The day for the game was a cold one, with a piercing wind, and both teams either had to play foot ball or freeze. A very small crowd turned out in comparison with those we had been accustomed to in Alton, but the score was much better than some we had made at home. Both our touchdowns were scored in the second quarter by Henry. By this time Coach Haight, feeling sure that the game was ours, used all the substitutes who had come with the team. Although the team did not arrive home until 10 p. m. a large number of rooters were waiting for the train, anxious to learn the score, which was 14 to 0.

Our next game was with Western Military Academy, and we wanted to win it more than any other game of the season. The day for the game found a very wet and slippery field. Our star tackle, Alex, was unable to play that day. The game started out greatly in Alton's favor, but in the second quarter W. M. A. scored on a fumble, and before the quarter ended they had scored again in the same manner. Things looked bad for Alton and in the third quarter our team made a fine effort to overcome this lead, but made only one touchdown. The fourth quarter witnessed two more touchdowns for Western, one by bucks and one on a forward pass, leaving the score 27 to 6.

To liven our spirits and to entertain Edwardsville, we piled 114 rooters on a special car and journeyed to that village. The famous High School band furnished harmony (?) for the occasion, and the efficient Edwardsville bakeries furnished "eats." The Edwardsville High School foot ball team completed the entertainment by giving us a 6 to 0 victory.

A game with Bunker Hill had been scheduled for Thanksgiving Day, but at the last minute this was called off, and we were forced to meet National U. instead. The newspapers had predicted beforehand that the game would be uninteresting, but our rooters were loyal and turned out in overwhelming numbers to see their team beat the college players 28 to 0.

So ended the season of 1913. The team won five games and lost four. The players wish to thank the school and the public for the excellent support given them, and we hope that the team of 1914 may receive even better support.



The A. H. S. News

The A. H. S. News comes to hand once in every month. A rawer sheet in all the land, methinks, you'll vainly want. It has of ink a greasy coat that spoils my cuffs and bib; its type was old when Greeley wrote his essays for the Trib. It's printed now and then in red or other gaudy tint, and I must stand upon my head deciphering the print.

And yet when that old News comes, my tired eyes dance and shine; I quit my figures and my sums and read it every line. I'd throw away the noblest book, or skip a chance to eat, to pick the News up and look through that old dizzy sheet. I'd drop the newest, fairest Mag., with all its wealth of art, to read that monthly High School rag, whose stories reach my heart.

"Old Jackie Shank still loves the girls, his old ones having faded; we hope that he'll be happy now, and not swell up with pride." Thus speaks the News, and I spring a retrospective smile; I knew old Shank, and, by jinks! his girl was well worth while. That sort of news, you say, would give the Willies to a Bo. Ah, well, you see I used to read that News long ago!

"Complaint is made that Edward Stafford some other's love would beat; he tries to gain Faye's love, though she shuns him on the street."

"Clayton Houts has set the pace by hauling in his coal. Good work, friend Houts! Let others try for your goal."

"Who whistled out of Miss Naylor's window at one little chick and made one older hen look sick?"

"Doc' Shaff has bought a runabout—seat wide enough for two. Perhaps he'll take a widow out; we wonder—say, don't you?"

You say such stuff is tommy-rot, from jay reporter's pen; but every item hits the spot and makes me young again. You listen to it all with scorn and say it's stale and slow; it pleases me—for I was taught in dear old "ALTON HIGH" long ago!

BURTON COPELEY.

BASKETBALL





Basketball Team.

	Position	Points scored except in game at Edwardsville
Poole, Captain	R. G.	44
Harford	L. F.	88
Powell	R. F. & L. G.	10
Louis Beiser	L. G.	--
Lynn Beiser	L. G. & C.	7
Busse	C.	19
Walter	L. G. & R. F.	34
Megowen	C.	20

Complete Record of Basketball Season of 1914.

Date	Opponents	Score	Team	Score	Where Played
Dec. 12	Granite City	58	Alton	20	at Granite City
" 19	Edwardsville	22	"	21	at Edwardsville
" 30	Alumni	52	"	19	at Y. M. C. A.
Jan. 7	Collinsville	43	"	18	at Alton
" 17	Edwardsville	22	"	21	at Alton
" 30	Collinsville	62	"	20	at Collinsville
Feb. 7	Blackburn University	35	"	26	at Carlinville
" 10	Granite City	27	"	34	at Alton
" 21	Blackburn University	16	"	23	at Alton
" 26	Jacksonville	27	"	23	at Jacksonville
Mar. 11	Oertli's Team	38	"	20	at Alton
OPPONENTS, 402			<u>245</u>		

Alton's first game was with Granite City, and was played in the Granite City High School Gym. Our manager, Ed. Bauer, tried to get a carload of rooters to go on a special car, and ordered the car, but could not fill it with rooters, and the financial part of the game was a failure. However, the few rooters who did go on the trip made lots of noise, had a good time, and cheered at the slightest provocation. Granite City had been playing basket ball since September and Alton had had only two weeks of practice, so Granite beat us 63 to 20. The players were not accustomed to each other yet, and consequently they did not have the team work which they gained later in the season. Poole, Powell and Harford played a fine game, and as souvenirs of the contest, Harford brought home a black eye and a sore arm.

The team went to Edwardsville on December 19, hoping to beat their basket ball team as we did in foot ball. The teams were so evenly matched that at the end of the second half the score was 20 to 20. The game was continued until one team had scored two points. Alton scored one point and then Edwardsville scored two.

The Alumni team, composed of former Alton stars, was met next. Our fellows could not stop them. The game ended with a score of 52 to 19 in favor of the Alumni.

On January 7, Alton played Collinsville here. Collinsville had had no foot ball team, but they certainly had a basket ball team to be proud of. Alton could not keep up with them and lost 43 to 18.

Edwardsville came here on January 17, confident of victory. Although our men seemed to outplay their opponents, nevertheless when the game ended Edwardsville had again won by the old score of 22 to 21.

On January 30 we played Collinsville over there. Beaten on our own floor, we were completely outclassed at Collinsville by a bunch of substitutes; Collinsville 62, Alton 20.

The team went to Carlinville, February 7, to play Blackburn University. They did not get warmed up during the whole game, and as it is a well-known fact that Harford cannot shoot many baskets until he gets hot (under the collar), we lost—Alton 26, Blackburn 35. This was the first game in which Megowen played, and indications were that something was due to happen.

Granite City's team came to Alton expecting to beat us badly because they had beaten us early in the season. But Alton was determined to win, and as the biggest and most enthusiastic crowd of the season attended this game, Granite could not save herself from defeat. Harford got mad, and Poole, Walter and Megowen had to keep up with him, so there were many fine plays that evening. Alton won, 34 to 27.

Blackburn U. played us at the Y. M. C. A. on February 21. The team thought they had to win at least one more game before they went to Jacksonville, so they went to work, took the lead at the beginning of the game and kept it until the end, winning by the score of 23 to 16.

At six o'clock on February 26, Jacksonville notified the manager that the team was to play the first game of the tournament at Jacksonville at 9 o'clock the next morning. Forced to enter the game after their long trip, against the home team with a Jacksonville crowd, the boys were beaten by a narrow score, 27 to 23. The fact that two weeks previous the team had beaten Granite City, and that Granite City took first place in the tournament, shows that the boys were forced to play under adverse conditions at Jacksonville.

The last game of the season was played with Captain Oertli's team of All-Stars, and with the captain himself playing like a demon the team lost, 38 to 20.

Poole, Harford, Powell, Lynn Beiser, Louis Beiser, Walter and Megowen received their letters.

Enos, Busse, Parker and "Broom" gave evidence of their ability to assist in strengthening the team another year.



Girls' Basketball Team.

There is an old saying in our physiologies to the effect that in seven years the body undergoes a complete revolution, coming forth at the end a "new man," as it were. We wonder if that is what the Girls' Basket Ball Team has been doing! From the burst of glory with which they came to the front this year the seven silent years have not been idle ones.

Without so much as one earnest oratorical appeal from the platform, the wild-est enthusiasm marked the entire season. So many girls came out regularly for practice that there was always a little group hovering about the hot water pipes awaiting an opportunity to "get in the game."

The most boasted team the boys have put out can claim no more victorious season than they. Those who have fallen to the floor breathless and exhausted after fifteen minutes of vain and strenuous effort to keep Frances and Elizabeth from making baskets, or have struggled equally as vainly against Jane's, Louise's or Alice's vigorous guarding, do not wonder at the victorious season. And say—Mary and Helen, who did some clever and rapid work as centers, will still be here next year, and so will Miss Gunderson, their able and enthusiastic coach.

The season ended April 3 with a joy-feast, gab-fest and break-fast (at least a five hours' fast was broken) in the gymnasium, while a row of hungry boys held entreating hands through the grating. By the way, if you don't forget it, ask any one of the Basket Ball Girls if she likes olives. The vaudeville which followed the "spread" was a remarkable exhibition of the versatility of the Basket Ball Girls.



SCHOOL YELLS



Oski! Wow! Wow!
Skinny! Wow! Wow!
Sis—boom—bah!
Alton High School
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Alton! Alton!
(slowly)
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Alton! Alton!
(faster)
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Alton! Alton!
(very fast).

Alivevo! Alivevo!
Alivevo! Vivo! Vum!
Boom! Get a cat-trap
Bigger than a rat-trap!
Boom! get a rat-trap
Bigger than a eat-trap!
Cannibal! Cannibal!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
Alton High School
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Strawberry short cake, blackberry pie!
V—I—C—T—O—R—Y!
Are we in it?
Well, I guess!
Alton High School
Yes! Yes! Yes!

Hoe Potater! Hoe potater
Half past alligator!
Ram, ram bulligator
Sis! Boom! Bah!
Alton High School!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Hulla-ba-ool-ya-ool-ya-oo
Hulla-ba-ool-ya-ool-ya-oo!
Alton High Schoool
Boom! Rah! Zoo!
Alton High School
Boom! Bah! Zoo!

Give 'em the axe, the axe, the axe,
Give 'em the axe, where!
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck,
Right in the neck, there!

Sis-s-s! Who-o-o!
That's what! What's what?
That's what they all say!
What's what they all say?
Cha-hee! Cha-ha! Cha-chu-ha-ha!
Alton High School! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Team! Team! Team!

What's the matter with the team?
It's all right!
What's all right!
The Team! It is, it is, it is all right!

TRACK





THIRD ANNUAL MEET
of the
Alton District Interscholastic Conference,

At Kneedler's Park, Collinsville, May 24, 1913.

Competing Schools: Alton, Collinsville, Edwardsville and
Granite City.

Last year the meet was held on May 24 at Collinsville. Alton took two special cars loaded with rooters to the meet. Alton, Collinsville and Granite City stayed nearly even all the way through the contest. The relay would be the deciding event. If Alton won first and Granite second, they would be tied for the meet. If Granite won first they would win the meet. We thought that we had a good chance to win this, but Capt. Henry, one of our fastest men, had hurt his knee while broad-jumping, and Granite won first place and also the meet. Alton and Collinsville being tied for second place.

EVENTS.

1. *220 Yard Dash.*
Time: 25 3-5 seconds.
1st. Frazier, Collinsville.
2nd. Elmore, Granite City.
3rd. Henry, Alton.
2. *Shot Put.*
Distance: 38 feet 9 inches.
1st. Plato, Granite City.
2nd. Jenkins, Collinsville.
3rd. Megowen, Alton.
3. *440 Yard Run.*
Time: 59 seconds.
1st. Frazier, Collinsville.
2nd. Henry, Alton.
3rd. Baehtold, Granite City.
4. *Standing Broad Jump.*
Distance: 9 feet 3 inches.
1st. Schlag, Alton.
2nd. J. Dillon, Collinsville.
3rd. Varnum, Granite City.
5. *100 Yard Dash.*
Time: 10 3-5 seconds.
1st. W. Lewis, Granite City.
2nd. Elmore, Granite City.
3rd. Jenkins, Collinsville.
6. *Discus Throw.*
Distance: 91 feet, 7 inches.
1st. Plato, Granite City.
2nd. West, Edwardsville.
3rd. Megowen, Alton.
7. *880 Yard Run.*
Time: 2 minutes, 24 seconds.
1st. Frazier, Collinsville.
2nd. Clevenger, Alton.
3rd. Parker, Alton.
8. *Running Broad Jump.*
Distance: 18 feet, 5 inches.
1st. W. Lewis, Granite City.
2nd. Brewer, Collinsville.
3rd. Henry, Alton.
9. *120 Yard Low Hurdles.*
Time: 1 3-5 seconds.
1st. Schlag, Alton.
2nd. Henry, Alton.
3rd. Brewer, Collinsville.
10. *Running High Jump.*
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches.
1st. McCune, Edwardsville.
2nd. W. Lewis, Granite City.
3rd. Megowen, Alton.
11. *Ball Throw.*
Distance: 279 feet, 7 inches.
1st. Jenkins, Collinsville.
2nd. Woods, Alton.
3rd. Plato, Granite City.
12. *Pole Vault.*
Height: 9 feet, 4 inches.
1st. Gaizat, Collinsville.
2nd. Megowen, Alton.
3rd. Plato, Granite City.
13. *50 Yard Dash.*
Time: 5 2-5 seconds.
1st. W. Lewis, Granite City.
2nd. Elmore, Granite City.
3rd. Jenkins, Collinsville.
14. *Mile Run.*
Time 5 minutes, 16 seconds.
1st. Clevenger, Alton.
2nd. Parker, Alton.
3rd. J. Dillon, Collinsville.
15. *Half Mile Relay.*
Time: 1 minute, 44 seconds.
1st. Granite City.
2nd. Alton.
3rd. Collinsville.
- | | |
|--------------------|----|
| Granite City | 46 |
| Alton | 42 |
| Collinsville | 42 |
| Edwardsville | 5 |

The Track Outlook.

Shortly after the end of the basketball season, a meeting was held for the purpose of electing a track captain. Joe Clevenger was unanimously elected. Joe made all the track enthusiasts bring shovels and rakes to school and proceeded to make a track. Each class elected a captain for the inter-class meet which took place on April 9 and 10. The Seniors, by the superior ability of their sprinters and distance runner, Clevenger, won the meet by a large margin. May 1 we had a practice meet with Western. Western was much better in the sprints than we but in the distance runs and the field events we beat them. However, they won by the score of 48 to 42.

The county meet was scheduled for May 9, but was put off until May 23. In the distance runs and the field events we have a good chance to win and if Louie Beiser and some of the fast men can take places in the sprints we ought to win first in the meet.

Alton's Entries for the Meet.

50 Yard—Beiser, Trout, Poole.
100 Yard—Eugene Walter, Victor Andrews, Beiser.
220 Yard—Beiser, Andrews, George Walter.
440 Yard—George Walter, Parker, Nixon.
880 Yard—Nixon, Clevenger, Poole.
Mile Run—Nixon, Clevenger, Parker.
120 Yard Low Hurdles—Schauweker, Stamps, Bratfisch.
Running High Jump—Megowen, Henry, Parker.
Running Broad Jump—Baker, Henry, Poole.
Standing Broad Jump—Baker, Henry, Parker.
Pole Vault—Megowen, Poole, Nixon.
Discus—Megowen, Powell, Parker.
Shot Put—Megowen, Henry, Poole.
Ball Throw—Poole, Farley, Powell.
Relay—Beiser, Megowen, Andrews, Eugene Walter, Geo. Walter, Stamps.

Tobacco makes men ugly and short winded. I tell you this from experience. I have smoked for many years.—Mr. L. S. Haight.

Recognition Honors.

Two of those whose names appeared in last year's list have been in school this year and have been prominent in school activities.

Edwin Baner: Captain of Alternate Debate Team; Class President; Student Manager, Basketball Team.

Richard Ryan: Captain of Debating Team.

Tom Henry: U. A. Football, '09; Captain 1910; President U. A. Literary Society, '11; U. A. Baseball, '11; President Pushmataha, '13; Basket Ball, '12-'13; Baseball, '12; U. A. Basket Ball Captain, '11; U. A. Track Captain, '11; Class Basket Ball, '11; Captain, '12; Track, '12; Captain, '13; Football, '11, '12; Captain, '13.

Bert Russell: Kanawha, Vice President, '12, '13; Art Editor of Tatler, '12; Class Business Manager Quill, '12; Alton Art and Artisans Association.

Edward Stafford: President of Kanawha, '13; Class President, '10, '11; Senior Play, '12; Extempore Representative at Carbondale and Champaign, '13; Debating Team, '14; Sodalitas Latina; Football Manager, '13; Class Program; Salutatorian.

Edgar Degenhardt: Class President, '10, '11, '12; Athletic Association Board of Control, '11; Glee Clnb Sextette, '11; Tatler Board Circulation Manager, '13; Football, '10, '11, '12, '13; Track, '12, '13; Class Track, '14; Baseball, '12; Illini President, '12; Junior Play, '13; Illini Play, '13; Deutsche Verein, '13, '14.

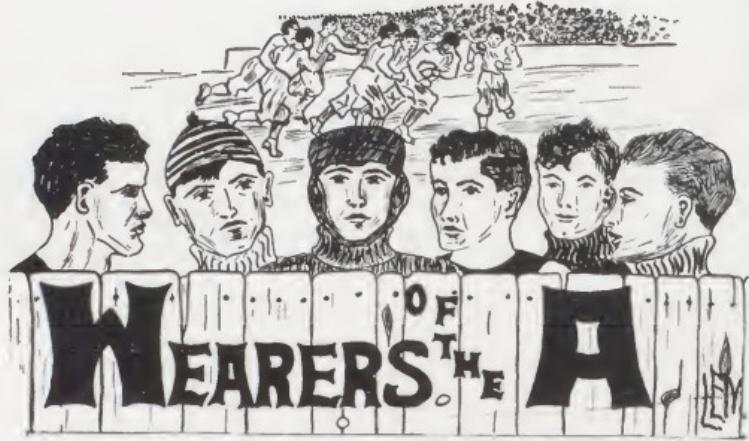
Charles Fairman: Pushmataha; Captain of Pushmataha Debating Team, '12; Editor Tatler, '13; Class Vice President, '14; Debating Team, '14; President Sodalitas Latina, '13; Oratorical Representative at Carbondale and Champaign, '14.

Harold Harford: Football, '13; Basketball, '13, '14; Junior Play, '13; President of Kanawha, '14.

Roseoe Poole: Pushmataha, Vice President, '13; President, '14; Captain of Freshman Baseball Team, '11; Football, '12, '13; Basketball, '13; Captain; Class Basketball, '11; Captain, '12, '13, '14; Baseball, '12; Class Track, '12, '13, '14.

Elizabeth Rose: Illini; Class Vice President, '12, '13; Assistant Art Editor Tatler, '13; Junior Play, '13; Vice President Sodalitas Latina, '13; Deutsche Verein; A. H. S. Girls' Quartette; Alton Arts and Artisans Association; Captain of Girls' Basketball Team, '13, '14.

Joseph Clevenger: Kanawha; Second Team Football, '12; School Team, '13; Class Basketball, '13, '14; Class Track, '12; Captain, '13, '14; Track Team, '12, '13; Captain, '14; Representative at State Meet, '13; Athletic Committee for Tatler, '13.



FOOTBALL.

Tom Henry, Captain	Russell
McDow, Capt-elect	Lynn Beiser
Dodge	Louis Beiser
Degenhardt	Murray Henry
Alexander	Poole
Wilson	Harford
Walter	Parker

Clevenger

BASKETBALL.

Pool, Captain	Lynn Beiser
Harford	Louis Beiser
Powell	Walter

Megowen

TRACK.

Tom Henry, Captain	Woods
Schlag	Megowen
Clevenger	Parker

DEBATE.

Ryan	Bauer	Walter
Fairman	Stewart	Kramer

ORATORY.

Fairman

EXTEMPORE.

Dromgoole	Bolton
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DRAMATICS





Mr. Morris: Don't
stand there like
a team filled
dum-dum! Pauline
shouldn't



Miss. Morris:
Look on this.
It is the nature
of sin that it will...
man. There's
no need to...
and so forth
more Blue Moon



Miss. Morris: That's
come out right,
Nancy.



Mr. Morris:
Stand there
like a team
filled dum-dum!
Pauline
shouldn't





"What Would a Gentleman Do?"

You went, of course! Everybody did—the High School world, everybody related to it in any way, and the general public besides. Then it isn't necessary to tell you about it, but posterity ought to know and it is our duty to tell them.

Under the more than able coaching of Miss Naylor on May the first the following cast of characters presented "What Would a Gentleman Do?":

Colonel Sir Bruee Kederby, C. B. V. C.	William Stewart
Madge Kederby, his daughter	Florence Rose
Hartley Quayne, solicitor	Gould Hurlbutt
Sir Christopher Wynne	Harold Dodge
Lady Nora Hervey	Mary Lewis
Dolly Banter	Lucille Lehne
Donald Kederby, Sir Bruee's son	Elmer Schwartzbeck
Miss Agatha Kederby, his sister	Harriet Burnap
Rodd, servant at the Grange	Thomas Moran
Dickie Hook	Lewis Pates

The presentation of the play was remarkable for several reasons. It was a professional play—an English one, too—with heavy emotional action. Yet it was staged by amateurs with so much ease that it seemed the simplest thing in the world for Harold to present in his face and attitude the picture of intense suffering, while Florence sang to him. Harold lived the part of Sir Christopher and the audience surely entered into it, too. Florence deserved great credit for her sustained acting in the heavy parts, and for the consistent character which she worked out for Madge, unassuming, yet strong, and with deep feeling.

A contrasting character was presented in the breezy little Lucille, who took up her part with snap, threw the English slang about "jolly well" and proved "a good little pal all the way" for Dickie. Her interpretation of her part was splendid throughout. And Dickie—well, Dickie acted as if he had been brought up on the stage and had played with footlights before he could toddle. His friends have made him believe it runs in the family. That may be the explanation!

William, as Sir Bruee, bore his age well and his dignity, too. Perhaps he rather envied the younger men, the suitors, but he made the most of the part that he had. Then the play could not have been without the fair picture that Mary made as the woman of the world who knew. Gould, as the capable lawyer and friend who helped the family out of trouble, and Arthur, the swarthy Australian who helped them

in again, each played his role, though short, with skill. Elmer Schwartzbeek, with his hollow eyes and distressed face, which he still retained "three months later," added to the "weight" of the action except when he made his military (?) stride across the stage.

It is sometimes hard to make a flunkey's part "go." But Thomas went, and took the audience with him as he limped across the stage, talking Vallapore or drinking everybody's "'ealth in tea.'" Why mention Harriet? She, too, seemed to be "to the stage born." It would have been hard for a professional to have improved Miss Agatha. She assumed the role so completely that it is hard for her to get away from it. Her voice still snaps in the same tones when she is excited, her chin doubles up when she is positive.

It is hard to stop talking about it. Much credit is due to these actors—more to Miss Naylor, the coach, and to Miss Wempen, who handled the financial ends of the play. Thanks are due and are gratefully given to all who helped to make the Junior play what every Junior wished it to be, a "howling success."

With the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind.—Theo. Smith.

He that questioneth much shall learn much.—F. Barnard.



Chief Kanawha



Pushmataha



Illini

H Y Burnap

SOCIETIES



PUSHMATAHA

LEHMAN



First Semester

Officers

Clarence McMullen,
President

Roscoe Poole,
Vice President

Dorothy Williams,
Secretary-Treasurer



Second Semester

Officers

Roscoe Poole,
President

Ralph Landon,
Vice President

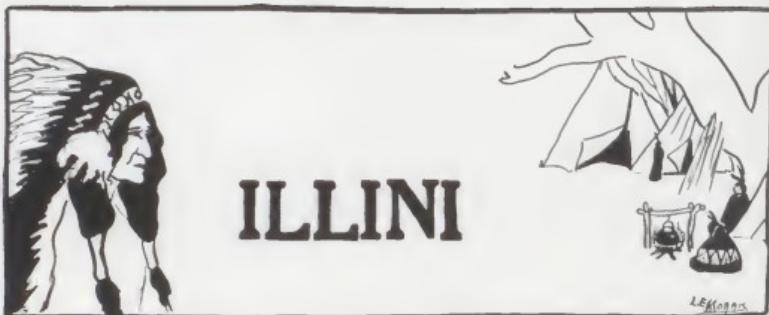
Hazel Parrish,
Secretary-Treasurer



Pushmataha Roll.

Merritt Bailey	Earl Heide	Eunice Redman
Frederick Barnard	Thomas Henry	Roma Reilly
Edwin Bauer	Harriett Herbert	Minnie Reister
Clara Bauer	Eugene Hochstuhl	George Rennebaum
Lynn Beiser	Charlotte Hummert	Florence Rose
Minnie Beiser	Gould Hurlbutt	Doris Rubenstein
Beulah Benner	Douglas Johnstone	Frances Richards
Marjorie Browne	Erwin Koch	William Schaefer
Blanche Browning	Leona Koch	Elmer Schwartzbeck
John Bockstruck	Ralph Landon	Herbert Schindewolf
Nathan Cassella	Esther Leeper	Theodore Smith
Gladys Clark	Anna Lynn	Edgar Shelton
Hildred Clevenger	Richard Martin	Ross Sherwood
Mary Eunice Caywood	Eleanor Mawdsley	Harry Snyder
Anna Clyne	Harold Meyers	Sophia Steiner
Mary Demuth	Marie Meyers	William Stewart
Paul Dooling	Cleo McDow	Lester Sutton
John Dressler	Charles McHenry	Warren Tipton
Leone Elwell	Clarence McMullen	Lucille Unterbrink
Charles Fairman	Archie Megowen	Vanderveer Voorhees
Mae Faulstich	Edward Meriwether	Eva Voorhees
Edith Foy	Mary McPhillips	Lillian Wentz
Grace Frazer	Edward Morrow	Eugene Walter
Robert Gaddis	Thomas Moran	Galbraith Williams
Phyllis Gaskins	Elmer Nixon	Dorothy Williams
Allyn Gaskins	Hazel Parrish	Walter Wilson
Wilfred Gates	James Parker	Thomas Wimber
Charles Gillham	Dorothy Penrose	Marguerite Ziegler
Wilbert Hart	Orville Pierce	Bertha Zimmerman
James Hearne	Roscoe Poole	

I never made a mistake in my life—at least one I couldn't explain afterward.—Walter Stafford.



**First Semester
Officers**

Richard Ryan, President
Orland Keyburtz, Vice President
Clara Bennes, Secretary-Treasurer



**Second Semester
Officers**

Mary Lewis, President
Jack Shank, Vice President
Theodosia Taylor, Secretary-Treasurer



Illini Roll.

Victor Andrews	Elsie Hartmann	Mary Peters
Nina Baker	Marguerite Hile	Eleanor Rice
Will Baker	Loretta Hall	Alma Robinson
Clara Bennes	Helen Hudgens	Elizabeth Robinson
Bessie Bockstruck	Charles Heventhal	Moreland Rintoul
William Blakely	Daisy Joesting	Nina Rintoul
Marguerite Boyd	Grace Johnstone	Elizabeth Rose
Irene Brecht	Eleanor Jun	Richard Ryan
Margaret Brown	Orland Keyburtz	Ida Rubenstein
Harold Brown	Velma Keyser	Raymond Schauweker
Ray Bratfisch	Theodore Kohlhepp	Fay Scott
Marion Busse	Lillian Knight	Addah Seely
Ethel Buck	Lucille Lehne	Thelma Seitz
Harvey Calame	Mary Lewis	Jack Shank
Mary Caldwell	Sam Lindley	Eva Shearlock
Doris Coyle	Helen Lowry	Edgar Shelton
Eleanor Crain	Lillian Luer	Leland Smith
Hazel Crouch	Mildred MacDonald	Adele Sotier
Edith Daniel	Elizabeth Maddock	Ethel Stahl
Lucile Dawson	Mary Maley	Vera Stice
Edgar Degenhardt	Robert May	Louise Stiritz
Hedwig Dormann	Eunice McFetridge	Ethel Strong
Louise Draper	Irene Medaris	Theodosia Taylor
Mildred Ford	Emmet Melling	Marie Thraikill
Eleanor Findley	Sadie Meriwether	Robert Uzzell
Grace Frazer	Ruth Michelbuch	Josephine VanPreter
Irene Fries	Adele Nicolet	Dorothy Volz
Alice Gates	Mae Ohnsorg	Elizabeth Wade
Melba Green	Jane Pace	Rowena Waggoner
Henrietta Green	Lewis Pates	Elizabeth Zerwekh
Howard Green		

The mere example of the sober, righteous, and godly lives of the principal and professors, who are most excellent and devoted men, must have a certain moral value.



KANAWHA



First Semester

Officers

Edward Stafford, President
Bert Russell, Vice President
Beulah Munger, Secretary-Treasurer



Second Semester

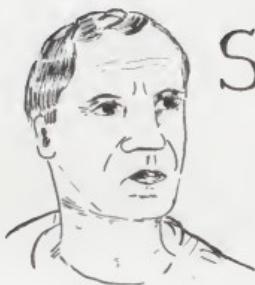
Officers

Harold Harford, President
Ben Powell, Vice President
Harriett Burnap, Secretary-Treasurer

Kanawha Roll.

Raymond Andrews	William Kolb
Earl Armour	Henry Kramer
Robert Armstead	William LaMothe
Louise Bauer	Jewell Landon
Louis Beiser	George Mathews
Blanche Bell	Florence Mathie
Walter Bensinger	Henrietta Maxeiner
Floyd Bolton	Thomas Mayo
Lillian Brecht	Caroline Michael
Harriett Burnap	Margaret Morfoot
Elsie Brown	Lyndell Morris
Roy Cannon	Herbert Mueller
Mildred Chappell	Beulah Munger
Joseph Clevenger	Hilda Lenhardt
Raymond Clifford	Bertha Luer
Wallace Colonius	Virgil Parker
Burton Copley	Ben Powell
Gilbert Davies	Mathews Quigley
Harold Dodge	Bert Russell
Joseph Dromgoole	Dwight Shaff
Rodgers Farley	Herman Schaller
Lucille Galloway	Elsa Schaperkotter
Bessie Gascho	Gertrude Schaperkotter
Hazel Gascho	Henry Schoeffler
Ulla Gissler	Leon Sotier
Helen Gent	David Sparks
Marian Goudie	Walter Stafford
Mildred Goudie	Edward Stafford
Edward Gratian	Charlotte Stamper
McKinley Hamilton	Emma Sullivan
Harold Harford	Alice Twing
Celia Henderson	Albert Voges
Esther Hill	George Walter
Arthur Horn	Joseph Walter
Mabel Howard	Ralph Webb
Myrtle Keyser	Almeda Weindell
Elizabeth Koch	Adolph Wuerker
Carl Koenig	

A lady of many lovers.—*Blanche Browning.*



SODALITAS LATINA



First Semester Officers

Charles Fairman, President
Elizabeth Rose, Vice President
Charlotte Stamper, Secretary
Bertha Ferguson, Treasurer



Second Semester Officers

Thomas Moran, President
Eugene Walter, Vice President
Jane Pace, Secretary
Bertha Ferguson, Treasurer

Sodalitas Latina Roll.

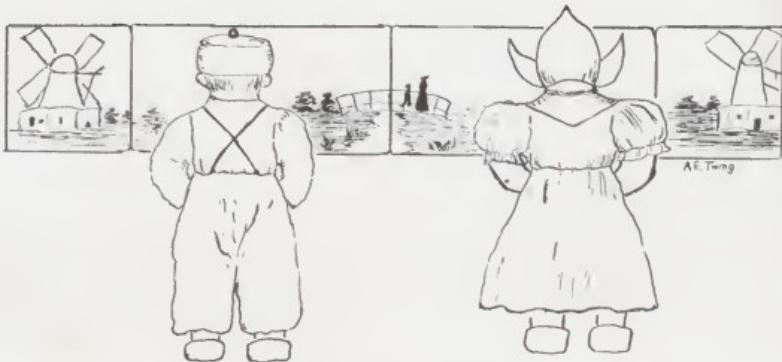
Marguerite Boyd	Thomas Moran
Blanche Browning	Jane Pace
Harriett Burnap	Frances Richards
Mary E. Caywood	Florence Rose
Gladys Clark	Elizabeth Rose
Lucile Dawson	Bert Russell
Louise Draper	Richard Ryan
Joseph Dromgoole	Theodore Smith
Charles Fairman	Edward Stafford
Miss Ferguson	Charlotte Stamper
Alice Gates	Warren Tipton
Marguerite Hile	Eugene Walter
Helen Joesting	Thomas Wimber
Eleanor Mawdsley	
Edward Meriwether	

"My pet name is 'Motor Spirit'."—Warren Tipton.

My face is my fortune.—Daisy Joesting.

"Whose beard descending sweeps his aged breast."
—Heventhal.

A mender of decrepit trees.—Mr. Houts.



A.E. Teng

Deutscher Verein



First Semester Officers

William Stewart,	President
Jane Pace,	Vice President
Bertha Ferguson,	Secretary
Mary Caldwell,	Treasurer



Second Semester Officers

Elizabeth Zerwekh,	President
Clara Bauer,	Vice President
Louise Draper,	Secretary
Ulla Gissler,	Treasurer

Deuthsche Verein Roll.

Clara Bauer	Jane Pace
Beulah Benner	Frances Richards
Bessie Bockstruck	Nina Rintoul
Floyd Bolton	Elizabeth Rose
Marjorie Browne	Elsa Schaperkotter
Mary Caldwell	Gertrude Schaperkotter
Edgar Degenhardt	Harry Snyder
Hedwig Dorman	Adele Sotier
Louise Draper	William Stewart
Mae Faulstich	Theodosia Taylor
Ulla Gissler	Lucille Unterbrink
Elsie Hartmann	Dorothy Volz
Leona Koch	Lillian Wentz
Esther Leeper	Dorothy Williams
Hilda Lenhardt	Galbraith Williams
Bertha Luer	Elizabeth Zerwekh
Lillian Luer	Bertha Zimmerman
Adele Nicolet	

Big Prize Offered for Love Letter.

A prominent St. Louis paper has offered a prize of \$10 for the longest love letter, and Mr. C. H. Houts was chosen by an Alton young lady, very much in need of the \$10, as the most eligible candidate.

A man severe he is, and stern to view.

—Mr. Ritcher.



Richard Ryan, Capt.

Charles Fairman.

Wm. Stewart.

First Debating Team.

One of our teams had bad luck in securing debates. They challenged many schools, but all seemed unwilling to debate. A debate was finally arranged with Jacksonville High, to take place in this city on January 21. A week before this date Jacksonville wished to have a postponement, but we could not agree to this because one of our team, Edward Stafford, would graduate on January 23, so the debate had to be canceled. However, the team, made up now of Capt. Richard Ryan, Charles Fairman and William Stewart, has secured a debate with Manual Training High School of St. Louis, for May 2. The subject for debate is, "Resolved, That the United States should own and operate the inter-state railroads." Alton has the affirmative side of the question.

Two years ago Alton debated Manual here, and we won. Let us hope that this year's team can do as well, or better, than the former team.



Edwin Bauer, Capt.

George Walter.

Henry Kramer.

Alternate Debating Team.

March 27 the other of our debate teams, consisting of Capt. Edwin Bauer, Henry Kramer and George Walter, debated Granite City High School in the Alton High School auditorium, on the subject, "Resolved, That commission form of government is the most desirable form for cities of less than 200,000 population." Alton had the affirmative side.

Capt. Bauer, who has had more experience than any other on the team, spoke first. He clearly outlined the argument for his side and quickly proceeded to his points. Henry Kramer was the next speaker for Alton. He showed that the new form of government was working successfully. Our third speaker, George Walter, proved that the new form would eliminate the evils present under the old system. In the rebuttal, Bauer tore his opponents' arguments to pieces, and in consequence the judges decided unanimously in favor of Alton. All of our men delivered their speeches very well, and the school has reason to be proud of them.



Joseph Dromgoole.

Charles Fairman.

Floyd Bolton.

Oratory and Extempore.

On March 28, the elimination contests in oratory and extempore speaking were held at school. In oratory, there were two contestants and in extempore, five. The faculty judged the contests and decided that Fairman was the best orator, and that Dromgoole and Bolton were the two best extempore speakers.

April 24 these three went to Carbondale to take part in the contests for Southern Illinois. In oration Fairman took first place. The subject of his oration was, "A Plea for a Legal Minimum Wage." Dromgoole received the topic, "Mona Lisa," and did so well with it that he was awarded second place in the contest. Bolton was given the worst subject of any suggested. This subject was "Proper Bathing." He was handicapped by this and won only seventh.

On May 15, Fairman and Dromgoole went to Champaign. This book will have gone to press before they return, and so we cannot state the result of the contest, but we hope that they will win two firsts and keep up the record made for Alton during the last two years.

MUSIC



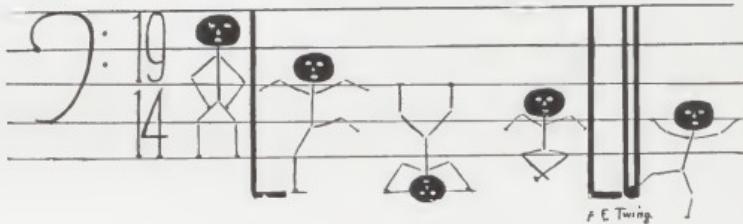


Girls Chorus

Members.

Verna Andrews	Doris Coyle	Gladys Gates
Helen Applequist	Grace Connerly	Ethel Ghent
Nina Baker	Eleanor Crain	Mildred Gifford
Clara Bauer	Hazel Crouch	Agnes Gilbert
Louise Bauer	Edith Daniel	Adaline Gill
Minnie Beiser	Faye Davis	Ulla Gissler
Beulah Benner	Mary Demuth	Carline Goudie
Clara Bennes	Hedwig Dормann	Nina Goudie
Ora Black	Louise Draper	Marian Goudie
Bessie Bockstruck	Leone Elwell	Mildred Goudie
Marjorie Brown	Cicely Evans	Melba Green
Margaret Brown	Dorothy Ewan	Elsie Hartmann
Verna Brueggeman	Mae Faulstich	Hazel Hathaway
Harriett Burnap	Eleanor Findley	Harriett Herbert
Mildred Chappell	Mildred Ford	Henrietta Hermes
Gladys Clark	Grace Frazer	Marguerite Hile
Hildred Clevenger	Irene Fries	Esther Hill
Anna Clyne	Phyllis Gaskins	Loretta Holl
Nina Corbett	Alice Gates	Helen Hudgens

Azelda Hunt	Marie Meyers	Fay Scott
Lydia Huntley	Calla Meyers	Norma Scribner
Harriett Hyndman	Ruth Michelbuch	Adda Seely
Alva Joesting	Eva Miller	Thelma Seitz
Helen Joesting	Helen Miller	Eva Shearlock
Daisy Joesting	Lucille Montgomery	Margaret Scherrer
Grace Johnstone	Margaret Morfoot	Helen Shine
Eleanor Jun	Lyndell Morris	Adele Sotier
Helen Kaufman	Leona Nichol	Myrtle Springer
Lillian Keller	Adele Nicolet	Charlotte Stamper
Lazelle Kessinger	Thelma Nunn	Sophia Steiner
Myrtle Keyser	Mae Ohnsorg	Louise Stiritz
Velma Keyser	Jane Pace	Ethel Strong
Maud Klabolt	Hazel Parrish	Emma Sullivan
Elizabeth Koch	Georgia Patterson	Lucia Taylor
Leona Koch	Theresa Pelot	Theodosia Taylor
Katherine Koch	Dorothy Penrose	Ida Toole
Myrtle Lawson	Lula Perrings	Marie Thrailkill
Esther Leeper	Mary Peters	Alice Twing
Lucille Lehne	Margaret Reed	Lucille Unterbrink
Hilda Lenhardt	Roma Reilly	Helen Vahle
Mary Lewis	Minnie Reister	Dorothy Volz
Mildred Linkogle	Eleanor Rice	Rowena Waggoner
Sidney Long	Frances Richards	Wilma Webb
Jessie Lowder	Nina Rintoul	Ruth Weber
Lillian Luer	Moreland Rintoul	Almeda Weindell
Anna Lynn	Helen Rintoul	Mildred Weisbach
Elizabeth Maddock	Alma Robinson	Lillian Wentz
Edith Mather	Elizabeth Robinson	Ruth Williams
Florence Mathie	Elizabeth Rose	Dorothy Williams
Eleanor Mawdsley	Florence Rose	Mary Belle Wimber
Mildred McDonald	Ida Rubenstein	Ruth Winchester
Marjorie McKenny	Doris Rubenstein	Katherine Yager
Eunice McFetridge	Laverna Ruddy	Elizabeth Zerwekh
Irene Medaris	Elsa Schaperkotter	
Sadie Meriwether	Gertrude Schaperkotter	



Earl Armour
Raymond Andrews
Victor Andrews
Merrit Bailey
Wm. Baker
John Blair
Ray Bradfisch
Wm. Brandeweide
G. Brown
N. Caldwell
Roy Cannon
Ray Clifford
Burton Copley
E. Degenhardt
H. Dodge
Paul Dooling
Jos. Dromgoole
Chas. Forbes
Edwin Francis

Allen Gaskins
Wilfred Gates
Jas. Hearne
Chas. Heenthal
Eugene Hochstuhl
Gould Hurlbutt
R. Kelsey
R. Landon
Eld. Lemen
Henry Lenhardt
Sam Lindley
George Mathews
Walter Mawsley
Morris Mayford
Archie Megowen
Ed. Meriwether
Herbert Mueller
Chas. Oehler

Earl Osborn
V. Parker.
Ed. Morrow.
Ray Schauweker
Arthur Schmoeller
R. Sherwood
Leland Smith
Theodore Smith
Leon Sotier
Wm. Stewart
Lester Sutton
Warren Tipton
H. Trout
Albert Voges
Ralph Webb
W. Wilson
Th. Wimber
Reid Young

I cannot check my girlish blush,
My color comes and goes;
I redden to my finger tips,
And sometimes to my nose.
—Harry Snyder.



Piano.

Orland Keyburtz.

First Violins.

B. C. Richardson
Henry Schoeffler

Erwin Koch
Arthur Horn

Second Violins.

Herbert Schindewolf
Thos. Moran

Ethel Strong
Chas. Oehler

Clarinets.

Nathan Cassella

Harold Meyers

Cornets.

Clarence McMullen
Carl Blase

Louis Beiser

Drums.

Oscar Schoeffler

Moonlight picnics are useful just at the end of the season.
—The McPhillips League.



DOMESTIC SCIENCE



The Domestic Science Department of Alton High School is growing rapidly. Last fall Miss Hannah Gunderson, the head of this department, had a difficult problem before her in trying to arrange for the unusually large classes, and an assistant, Miss Rhea Curdie, was appointed when the Eighth Grade pupils were admitted to this department.

The dishes prepared by the girls for the Exhibit looked very tempting, which was evident from the fact that locked doors were unable to keep some students from sampling this work of the young cooks.





MANUAL TRAINING



The Manual Training Department of Alton High School was installed three years ago. Each year the students have shown a greater interest in the work and now, not only some of the girls have joined the class, but even five of the High School teachers have taken up the work and are making great progress. Mr. Ritcher, the teacher of this department, has been forced to give up his other studies and devote all his time to manual training. Under his supervision, the department has grown and received many improvements. It may be said that our exhibit this year compared very favorably with the work of the large high schools in St. Louis, we being surpassed only in the inlaid work; but with the new department, which is expected to be added next year, we hope to be surpassed in no way.



CALENDAR

August.

Aug. 28. Mr. Houts has his mustache shaved off in preparation for school. Moral: Never come to school with a mustache.

September.

Sept. 8. O horrors! School starts.

Sept. 9. Freshies get lost in the halls.

Sept. 10. More wandering Freshies.

First football practice.

Sept. 11. Tom Henry is encouraged by the number of football candidates.

Sept. 27. A. H. S. defeats Carrollton in football, 6-0.

October.

Oct. 1. Helen Shine raises her hand in assembly room.

Oct. 4. A. H. S. vs. Jacksonville, there; 0-12.

Oct. 11. A. H. S. against Springfield here; 7-21.

Oct. 13. Sblue repeats operation of October 1.

Mully meets his fate in the guise of Eleanor Crain.

Oct. 14. Harriet Burnap fell up the stairs.

Oct. 18. Central High of St. Louis refuses to feed our team and the game is canceled.

Oct. 22. The Bird-man gives a lecture on birds which was very interesting for everyone who stayed awake.

Oct. 24. Debating teams chosen.

Oct. 25. Loyola played A. H. S. here. We won, 40-0. Loyola complimented us on the square deal we give to everyone. Thanks, Loyola.

Oct. 28. Dorothy Penrose's bulldog visits school and is put out by the self-appointed dog-catcher, Mr. L. S. Haight.

November.

Nov. 1. A. H. S. against Greenfield, here. Score, 0-7.

Nov. 4. First number of Lyceum Course.

Everyone agreeably entertained.

Nov. 8. Alton versus St. Charles Military Academy, 14-0. While eating dinner on the way to St. Charles a fair (?) waitress asked Bub Harford if he would have tea or coffee. Bub Harford, looking ardently at chicken across the table, "Both please."

Nov. 10. Master Edwin Bauer takes a nap in Physics. Ask Eddie where he was the night before.

Nov. 13. 1st Class picnic at Doc. Smith's.

Nov. 15. A. H. S. plays Western on their own grounds. Score, Alton 6, Western, 27. Great crowd of girls went to root for Western.

Nov. 20. 1st Class picnic.

Nov. 22. A. H. S. defeats Edwardsville over there, 6-0. We take special car and the band which played numerous (3) harmonious (?) pieces that made the trip lively.

Nov. 24. T. Wimber comes to school with a pompadour.

Nov. 25. Junior Class picnic.

Nov. 26. Thanksgiving vacation begins Hooray!

Nov. 27. Turkey day and chicken day. We play the old veterans in the form of National U. Score, 27-0. Louis's last game. Several of the N. U. players brought their children to the game. One St. Louis youngster was heard to say, "O, papa, come tie my shoe."

December.

Dec. 1. Buffalo Bill got a hair-cut.

"Deac." Oertli overslept and is tardy.

Dec. 2. Mr. Haight gives M. H. class a song that be found in the paper. Tom Moran comes to school with a pompadour and consequently is tardy.

Dec. 3. Lyceum Course.

Class Basketball. Juniors vs. Freshmen.
Seniors vs. Sophs.

O joy! Miss Tompkins is out of school.

Dec. 4. Poor little Seniors are beaten by Juniors in basketball. We're the champions of the school.

Dec. 12. First game of basketball against Granite City, played there. Alton 20, Granite, 60.

Dec. 19. The Irish Orator gives his first speech and startles the school. Basketball game against Edwardsville at Edwardsville. Alton 21, Edwardsville, 22.

Dec. 20. Blowout for football team. "Pinky" McDow becomes captain-elect.

Dec. 22. Tom thanks faculty for blow-out.

Dec. 24. Day before Christmas. Ten day vacation starts.

January.

Jan. 5. School starts. Great wailing and gnashing of teeth was heard throughout the building.

Jan. 6. The A's are given to football team of '13.

Jan. 7. Alton plays Collinsville at Y. M. Collinsville 43, Alton 18.

Jan. 8. Roscoe Poole gives us a touching little speech.

Jan. 9. Pupils see the Spirit of '76.

Jan. 10. First pictures taken for Tatler.

Jan. 12. A Physics Class is locked in laboratory.

Jan. 13. Basketball game between first team and scrubs.

Jan. 17. Edwardsville vs. Alton, here. They win by their former score, 22-21.

Jan. 19. First day of finals.

Jan. 23. Graduation day.

Jan. 26. First day of new semester. Some of our brilliant students began their careers seven years.

Jan. 27. Freshies get lost in halls just like they always do.

Jan. 28. Collectors get busy in 1st and 1st sections.

Jan. 30. Election of officers of societies. Collinsville defeats us in basketball, 62 to 20.

February.

Feb. 3. Election of officers in Sodallitas Latina.

Feb. 7. First basketball game played by girls of A. H. S. against U. A. Camp Fire Girls. A. H. S. 19, U. A. C. F. 14. A. H. S. boys versus Blackburn. Blackburn wins, 35 to 26.

Feb. 9. Great speech made by Captain E. Rose of the G. B. B. T.

Feb. 10. Alton wins her first basketball victory of the season against Granite City by the score of 34 to 27.

Feb. 11. Speeches given by Poole, Harford and "Deac."

Feb. 12. Lincoln's birthday.

Feb. 13. No game with Blackburn on account of snow storm.

A's awarded to 1913 track team.

Feb. 14. Valentine's Day.

Feb. 17. Miss Wempen is out. Mr. Houts is absent also. First meeting of Junior play cast.

Feb. 18-24. Mr. Houts is absent with a lame knee.

Feb. 21. Alton vs. Blackburn. Alton 23, Blackburn 16.

Feb. 25. Mr. Houts returns to school on crutches to sorrow of numerous students.

Feb. 26. Alton defeated by Jacksonville at tournament. Score 27 to 23.

Mar. 1. Yell Fest. Pathetic little speech by the Irish orator.

Mar. 2. Track captain elected and Joe Cleverger is the lucky man.

Mar. 4. Mr. Houts tried to swindle Miss Jepson on some basketball tickets. Lyceum Course entertainment by Cathedral Choir.

March.

Mar. 5. A. H. S. news staff hold very important (?) meeting. Congratulations, Sophs. You sure get bright ideas.

Mar. 6. Miss Tompkins absent.

Mar. 9. Lecture on cigarette habit. Mystery solved at last. We know now why so many boys have yellow stains on their fingers. First issue of A. H. S. News which is placed on file in library.

- Congratulations, Sophs. We did not know it was in you. We will admit that the "News" is a nice (?) LITTLE paper.
- Mar. 10. Mr. Houts kindly consented to give us a little speech.
- Mar. 11. Buffalo Bill, alias Chas. Heventhal, received a hair-cut at Bauer's Popular Tonsorial Parlor. Team plays Oertil's all-stars and were defeated, 38 to 20.
- Mar. 13. Meeting of Tatler staff.
- Mar. 16. To-morrow will be St. Patrick's Day. Miss Naylor absent. Joy among Commercial students.
- Mar. 17. St. Patrick's Day and everybody green (as usual).
- Mar. 18. Junior play practice.
- Mar. 23. Mr. Bauer honors us with a little speech.
- Mar. 24. Irish orator gives us a touching ballad entitled, "The Debate."
- Mar. 25. Speech by business manager of Tatler.
- Mar. 27. Roof is unsettled by yelling. Speech by Chas. Fairman.
- Interscholastic debate with Granite City on question, "Resolved that Commission Form of Government is Best for Cities of Less Than 200,000 Population."
- Alton had the affirmative and we won as usual.
- Lucille Lehne in English Lit.: "The curfew knells the toll of parting day."
- Mar. 30. Great rejoicing in celebration of our victory over Granite City. Extempore and oratorical preliminaries.
- Mar. 31. Speeches by Joseph Dromgoole, Chas. Fairman and Floyd Bolton.
- April.**
- April 1. All Fool's Day.
- Harold Dodge has learned how to spell English and has been engaged by Miss Tompkins to illustrate Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," which is shown in this book.
- April 8. Chas. Forbes asked Mr. Haight for pass-card to the library.
- April 9. Class track preliminaries.
- April 10. Finals of class track meet. Alvin Fitzgerald goes to sleep in English History.
- Seniors first, Juniors second, Sophs third, Freshies last.
- April 11. Deacon and his host, Mr. Houts, hauled in coal like common mortals.
- April 14. Senior Class honors announced by B. C.
- April 17. Exhibit by Manual Training, Domestic Science and Drawing Classes and entertainment. Some one mopped up on the Domestic Science Exhibit and left just a wee (?) bit.
- April 18. Continuation of Exhibit, that is, what was left of it.
- April 21. Speech by that silver-tongued orator, Joe Dromgoole, on our track outlook.
- Speech by Mexican orator, formerly known as F. Bolton.
- April 23. Speech by Chas. Fairman.
- April 24. "Movies" by students for benefit of debate. Southern Illinois extempore and oratorical contest.
- Fairman first in oratory. Dromgoole second in extempore; Bolton seventh.
- April 27. Bolton given the cognomen of Bathhouse. Speeches by Fairman, Dromgoole and Bathhouse Bolton.
- April 28. Awarding of A's to basketball men.
- Some of our energetic students sleep all night in Temple Theatre to reserve tickets for Junior play.
- April 29. Box office open for reservation of tickets.
- April 30. Dress rehearsal of Junior play cast.

May.

- May 1. Yell Fest and speeches by various and sundry Irish and Dutch orators. The feature of the day was a speech by the silver-tongued orator, Joseph Timothy Dromgoole. Junior play given with great success.
- May 6. Speech by Dromgoole on Field Day, also ballads by Chas. Fairman and Mully. A. H. S. Band reorganizes.
- May 7. Picnic given by Miss McPhillips, who is Burton Copley's beloved (?). Ask Burton why he did not go.
- May 13. Last of Tatler goes to press.
- May 15. Fairman and Dromgoole go to Champaign to take part in state oratorical and extempore contests.

LITERARY

"In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy Lightly Turns to Thoughts of Love."

The two horses turned inquiringly to their driver as they stopped full against the barb-wire fence; then as no notice was paid to them, they began eating the crab apple blossoms of the tree under which they were standing. Ernest Merritt, who was spending the week resting after his graduation from law school at his uncle's farm, stood in the hot sunshine, one hand on the plough, the other holding a jeweler's catalogue at which he was gazing ecstatically.

"Just the thing!" he ejaculated. "I'm 'sprised I didn't notice that sooner. Of course I'll use mother's diamond she left me for my bride, but this guard with both our names on it will sure be great! 'Ernest and Alicia'—oh, what if she doesn't love me? But I'm sure she does. She couldn't—she'd act different if she didn't. There! I'll leave these horses here in the shade while I go phone my order for it before I lose courage. 'Ernest & Alicia.' "

He sped up the lane toward the house a broad smile on his somewhat stern looking face.

But as he passed along the hedge that separated his uncle's field from the apple orchard of Alicia's uncle, Mr. Burkes, he stopped as he hear a familiar girlish voice. He knew its owner before he peered through the somewhat dense foliage of the hedge. Yes, there sat Alicia on the grass under an apple tree, talking, evidently to a picture held in her hand. But what was she saying. "You darling man! Will you ever know? You dear, slow, slow, man! I love you!"

Ernest strained every muscle trying to see the face of the man in the picture. He almost saw it—when *swipe!* a branch of the hedge he had been holding back, struck him across the face. When his eyes had stopped watering enough for him to see again, he once more stood on tip-toe, but was just in time to see Alicia quickly hide the little picture in the pocket of her middy-blouse, jump up to her feet, and call to a fine looking young man just coming into the orchard.

"Here I am, Joe," she called in her fresh young tones. "Coming." And she tripped across the grassy meadow to meet him.

Ernest walked dizzily back to the plow, the catalogue out of sight,

"Oh, if I could have but seen that picture! Who would dare to come between us! Who is *Joe*? If I could only catch the thief! I will catch him if it takes a life time. Alieia can't really love him." She surely cares for—I must have that picture—his mind rambled on and on.

"Hey, Jaeb! Sampson! Come take this plow. I've got business elsewhere!" And he once more rushed up the lane, leaving the disgusted Sampson glaring after him and tapping his head significantly. (Sampson had intended going fishing).

As he washed his hands at the kitchen sink, his Aunt Lizzie came to the dining room door. "Alieia Burkes is visiting at Burkes' and they're all comin' over to supper to-night."

"So," said Ernest absently, his mind rapidly evolving a plan. "I thought you liked Alieia," said his aunt. "I do," replied Ernest.

But nevertheless his Aunt Lizzie shook her head mournfully as she went back to her sewing. She never saw anything but the darker side of affairs.

"Jimmy," Ernest called to a very freckled little boy, who was engaged in a solitaire game of marbles back of his father's, Mr. Burkes, barn. "Jimmy, are you a game sport? I want you to do something for me."

Jimmy said nothing, but gazed in open-mouthed awe at the honor being bestowed upon him. Few young men ever noticed him.

"I want you to get a little gold picture frame your Cousin Alieia's got and bring it to me. She's coming to Aunt Lizzie's for supper to-night and I want you to hunt for it while she's gone."

"Not in her room!" gasped Jimmy—for his awe for his Cousin Alieia was almost as great as that for Ernest.

"Now, James, I wouldn't ask you to do it if it wasn't square!" Ernest bethought himself of the old adage "All's fair—" "It's very important that I have it before I commit some rash deed!" He spoke so savagely that Jimmy consented at once.

"Let's go to the circus next Thursday," invited Ernest, as he turned away. Jimmy consented in a very cordial tone and Ernest returned to the farm house, confident that the little fellow would do his best.

That night after supper Ernest sat in the twilight on the front porch thinking anxiously of Jimmy.

Out in the kitchen the two women were busy doing up the work and discussing the gossip of the day.

"Run long with Ernie, 'Lieia,'" said Mrs. Burkes. "He's on the porch waiting for you. We'll do these dishes."

Alicia went to the front door and looked out. There sat Ernest. How strangely he had acted at supper! Was he ill? As she stood there pondering these things, a bare-footed little boy stole across the lawn. Jimmy!

"Here it is," he whispered to Ernest hoarsely. "This is it, 'cause it's the only one with a gold frame."

He stole away again and Ernest, with the picture grasped with both hands, started toward the door.

"Oh, for just one look!" he murmured.

Alicia slipped behind the door as he came in. The look in his face almost took her breath away! Jimmy—the gold frame—what could it mean?

"Alicia," called her aunt. "We must go right home. The cows have all got out. Why, where's Ernie?"

"He isn't here."

Mrs. Burkes failed to see anything strange in this and they hurried home. Alicia ran to her room, ran to the wardrobe and felt in her middy-blouse. The gold frame was still there. It could only be one other—yes, it was gone from the mantle. He had taken the picture of Elizabeth Brown, her beautiful college chum. She could scarcely believe what she knew to be true.

She remembered the look in his eyes as he rushed by her and up the stairs. He must be crazy about her! And to carry it that far! Why hadn't Elizabeth told her?

Alicia had felt so sure of Ernest's love she could scarcely face this dire calamity. She took his picture from its gold frame and threw it in the waste basket, then stooped and picked it out again. She would ask Jimmy. No, he'd tell Ernest if she did. Let him go; if he was that kind—but she could get no farther than that, even in her thoughts. Her loyal Ernest was her ideal in all ways, but this!

Meanwhile, Ernest, with trembling hands, struck a match and lighted his lamp. Slowly he drew the picture from his pocket and held it to the light. It was not a man! It was—a beautiful girl!

With one groan he threw himself across the bed. What a fix! Could he ever straighten things now? She'd surely miss the picture. What if anyone found he had it? Suppose Aunt Lizzie should discover it? He couldn't destroy it, he couldn't give it back. "Oh, thunder!" he growled. "I've made a mess, all right."

He poked the beautiful face under his pillow and dreamed that night the sheriff was arresting him for theft, and searching his room, found Alicia's gold-framed picture. He woke with a start just as

Alicia, with big, sad eyes, was reaching her hand out for the picture. "I'll go crazy if this keeps up," he thought.

The next morning he pondered long as to where would be best to hide his trophy from his aunt's piercing eyes. Finally he tucked it under the mattress. He spent a miserable morning and at noon ascertained that the picture was still safe. He breathed a sigh of relief though Aunt Lizzie regarded him very sternly.

After dinner she left to take Mrs. Burkes some of her new letters. But she came back ten minutes later with a little piece of paper in her hand.

"You black-guard," she shrieked at Ernest; "you miserable little man! Sleep with one's picture under your mattress and let the other write love letters on the back of your picture. You faithless creature!"

"Let me see that—where'd you—how'd you get it?" Ernest demanded, now as fully excited as his aunt.

"Her aunt was down in the meadow and she went to get her, and left her book in the hammock. I was curious to see what her tastes in reading were—and that's what I saw first thing." And she held his picture to him. Across the back was written in Alicia's hand writing—"The slowest, dearest man I know."

With one bound and a "God bless your heart, Aunt Lizz," he gave his horrified aunt a bear hug and rushed hatless down the road.

"If I can only see her before she finds it's gone!" he thought. Then he saw them going across the orchard, Mrs. Burkes hurrying along in front, Alicia sauntering behind.

"Alicia, oh, Alicia!" he called. "Wait a minute."

He was almost to her when his foot caught in a snarl of grass and he fell full length at her feet. Alicia gravely put out her hand to help him rise. He seized it with both of his own and was on his knees before her.

"Alicia," he cried, "oh, Alicia. I love you so. Don't you, won't you care for me, just a little, dear? I saw you talking to that picture in the orchard yesterday morning and I've been half crazy ever since."

"But what of my picture,—what of 'Elizabeth'?" interrupted Alicia, trembling with the effort not to forget her wrongs.

"Oh, don't you see? I wanted to know who the man was who had stolen your heart, and get revenge, and Jimmy got the right frame but the wrong picture! I've suffered enough for that. Do you love me, Alicia?" He rose to his feet now.

A light began to dawn in the mind of Alicia on the recent dark happenings of her hero. "You certainly did bungle things pretty badly, Ernest, but——" she lifted her eyes to his.

A few hours later Ernest, his picture in his pocket and the gilt frame in his hand, once more crossed the orchard to Alieia. He left a rather mystified, but on the whole, pleased Aunt Lizzie behind him. She didn't quite understand how things had come out right, but felt sure it was due in some way to her righteous efforts.

And Alieia, waiting for her Ernest, was thinking happily: "I'm glad he was so slow. One appreciates things slow in coming so much more when they do arrive."

EDITH DANIEL, '15.

Mystery.

Joe threw himself into the Morris chair and stretched his feet out towards the fire. The rain fell in torrents outside and Joe thanked his lucky stars he was in for the evening. He was nearly asleep when the door bell rang suddenly. Before he could reach the door the bell rang again. The manager of Joe's paper stood without.

"Hello, Joe! Beastly night, isn't it? I want to know if you'll do me a big favor? I hate to ask you to go out in this rain, but we have broken a piece of type down at the plant and there's only one place in Chicago where we can get more. I am short of men to-night and I wondered if you would undertake to get it for me. It will mean \$25 for you if you will. You'd have to go down in the worst part of the Chinese district, but I'll give you a letter to the man who has the type and I think you are able to take care of yourself."

Joe hesitated, for it was still raining and he didn't fancy a trip into Chinatown on a night like this. But the \$25! He wanted that little Colt's revolver like sixty, but he didn't see the money coming very soon. At last he said he would go.

"Here are your directions and a note to the man. Bring the type to me at the office as soon as you can," the manager said and disappeared in the darkness.

Joe hurriedly slipped on his raincoat and pulled his cap down well over his ears.

It was eight-thirty when he finally got off the car at the nearest corner to his destination. The rain had ceased but a dense fog had settled and he could not distinguish objects six feet in front of him.

He crept cautiously along the narrow, ill-lighted street, keeping close to the walls and in the shadow. The saloons and opium dens were crowded on a night like this, and Joe had no desire to encounter any irresponsible Chinaman. Once he heard stealthy footsteps behind him and he slipped into the shadow of a doorway until two silent

figures crept by. At every sound he started, not knowing just what to expect.

At last Joe reached his destination. It was a small wooden building hedged in between two larger ones.

The lower floor was an evil smelling opium den and the man Joe was seeking lived above. With great difficulty he finally found the stairs which were steep and narrow. In the darkness Joe stumbled and nearly fell. He held his breath and waited, expecting every minute to have a stealthy figure creep up behind him and thrust a knife into his back. At last when nothing happened and he heard no sound from below, he crept on feeling his way, step by step. When he reached the top he paused to get his bearings and saw a small ray of light which he judged came from under the door. He knocked twice, then paused, and knocked once more as he had been directed. He waited a few minutes and then became conscious of an eye looking out a small round hole in the door. Joe's heart stood still but he felt rooted to the spot. Then a low voice said: "Who's there?"

"I came from Mr. Burton of the 'Mail,'" Joe answered huskily. "I have a note for Tex Riekets at this address."

Joe received no answer but the eye disappeared and he heard a sound like bolts and chains being slipped aside and the door was opened about a foot. As soon as he stepped in it was closed behind and bolted again. He gave the man the note and then gazed about him.

The room in which Joe found himself was a large one whose windows faced a back alley. A smoky lamp on a table gave out a dim light and Joe saw that the table was littered with small pieces of metal. In one corner was a cupboard and a cot, covered with a very soiled blanket and in the dim shadows on the opposite side of the room Joe could discern some queer looking apparatus. The whole place breathed mystery.

The man gave a short grunt as he finished reading the note and for the first time Joe took a good look at him. He was evidently a white man once, but dirt now formed a very good disguise. His hair was matted and a long red welt across one cheek gave him a most fiendish look.

He crossed the room and opened a small door that revealed a flight of stairs. He called up these in some gutteral and unknown language and was answered from above by a low girlish voice. The man waited in silence and in a few minutes Joe heard footsteps on the stairs and a young girl appeared in the door way.

She was beautiful in a wild sort of way, her hair falling in heavy black curls nearly to her waist, and her soft black eyes shining like

stars. She was dressed in coarse clothes, but she was clean and her cheeks were deep healthy red through her brown skin.

The man said a few rapid sentences to her and she threw a red shawl over her head and unbolted the outside door. As she passed Joe she smiled at him, displaying a row of even white teeth.

When she had gone Joe turned towards the man and said: "Why all this mystery and where is the type?"

The man was bending over the table and paid no heed and Joe decided he'd better keep still. But his thoughts were busy. Why should this man have the type that Burton needed? What was that beautiful young creature doing here? Where had she gone? Would he ever get out alive? All these thoughts and many more chased through his brain as he waited in silence in this mysterious room. In a very few minutes some one knocked softly and the girl entered. She handed the man a small package which he took to the lamp and examined. While he was occupied she quietly crossed the room to Joe and thrust a note into his hand, then disappeared up the narrow stairs. Just then the man left the table and handed Joe the package without a word. He unbolted the door but before he opened it he scrutinized Joe closely for a few minutes and then hissed: "Forget this night, or beware!"

Joe had little difficulty in reaching the street and he started off as fast as he dared in the inky darkness. He had met no one and was just beginning to breathe freely once more when something unexpected happened.

He was just crossing a narrow alley when he heard a groan and a weak voice cry: "Help!" His first impulse was to run, but when the groan was repeated he mustered up his courage and plunged into the darkness of the alley. He had gone several yards before the groan was repeated and it seemed to come from the narrow space between two buildings. Lighting a mateh, Joe peered into the dark passage. There on the dark pavement lay a man in a pool of blood.

Joe stooped and rolled him over. Another groan escaped the lips of the wounded man and when he had dragged him out into the alley, Joe saw by the dim light from a nearby saloon, that it was a white boy.

Joe pulled out an emergency flask that he always carried with him and pressed the stimulant to the boy's lips. This seemed to give him temporary strength and he opened his eyes.

"Where am I? Oh, I know! They have done for me now! Who are you?" But here a spasm of pain convulsed him and Joe again administered the whiskey, and began to examine the boy for his wound. Joe hurriedly slipped off his rain coat and got out of his shirt

which he tore into bandages. When he had at last partially stanched the flow of blood he asked the boy if there wasn't some way to get him away.

"It's no use. It's just a question of time before I go. How did you get here?" the boy asked.

"I was passing and heard you groan. Haven't you any folks I might send for? I can't leave you here alone to die!" Joe answered.

"None. Will you listen to my story? It won't keep you long, and there's something you can do for me, if you will," the young man said, speaking with difficulty. "If I told you my name you would know me immediately, but I won't. Anyway, I am the son of wealthy parents and I graduated from Princeton last June. My father is a very prominent man and he wished me to settle down and go into business with him. But when I graduated I got into a rapid bunch, and one night—" here he wineed with pain and had to have more whiskey before he could continue. "Where was I? Oh, yes! One night there was a row in a cafe and we all got pinehed. Dad got me out all right but he had an awful temper and he thought he was disgraeed for life. He had given me warning before, and this was the last straw. We quarreled and he turned me out. I was too proud to beg his pardon and I drifted from bad to worse until to-night a row in an opium den with a Chink—a thrust of a knife—and here I am." He closed his eyes and was so quiet that Joe thought he must have fainted and was just getting out the flask again when the boy opened his eyes and went on huskily. "There was a girl! The best little girl in the world! We were engaged and would have been married in Oetoher. But when I had my trouble with Dad I was too proud to go back to her. I hadn't a cent but she wouldn't have minded. Anyway, I couldn't face her after the way I had acted, so I went away without a word." His voice was growing weaker and Joe knew the end was very near. "Please get that paekage out of my coat poeket," the boy whispered. "It's my fraternity pin—all I have left of my former life. Will you take it to the address that is on the outside. Tell her I loved to the end and that some day—" his voice died away and he lay very still.

Joe knelt beside him and felt for the box. At last he found it and transferred it to his own poeket. As he withdrew his hand, he felt the note that the mysterious dark-eyed girl had given him and it brought him back to a realization of where he was and his danger.

He was rising from his knees when he felt himself elutched from behind by two claw-like hands. His heart stood still and his blood froze in his veins. He felt himself shaken roughly and he heard his mother say:

"Wake up, Joe! Wake up! Here, it is eleven o'elock and you must be up by five. Get out of that chair and go to bed. Wake up, I say!"

HARRIET YERKES BURNAP, '15.

To Clean or Not To Clean.

"Davie," coaxed pretty young Mrs. Batsom, "Davie, will you—do you mind—I——"

"Say on," said Davie, "I'll bear it like a man," and he put out his arms to her.

"Please help me move the piano out on the veranda!"

"But, Lucinda! The piano on the veranda! Why?"

"Oh!" said Lucinda, simply, "it's spring house-cleaning. Mrs. Whittleby said she was surprised I hadn't cleaned already. Most brides clean early!"

David's face softened. "Yes, dear, but it's only been two months."

"But I'm a bride, Davie. Won't you?"

"Well—if you put it that way—" and Mr. Batsom rolled up his shirt sleeves and approached the piano, eyeing it rather savagely to be sure.

"We'll have to be cautious," said the now happy little woman. "We mustn't scratch the piano. It's on rollers, isn't it? Now you pull, and I'll push—Dave, do watch! You'll have to re-varnish the doors if you scratch them. Oh! Oh! You funny man! If you could see yourself!"

"Lnee," groaned the irate man, caught between the piano and the door; "are you silly? Pull that piano back—I'm hurt—I'm suffering! Oh!" and he fell limply back on the hall steps after finally extricating himself from his uncomfortable position.

"Davie, are you hurt? Oh, if I've broken your ribs!" And she forthwith began to make sure. Davie was never immune to tickling, and soon was laughing.

"Yes," complained Lucinda, "that's right—laugh! And me scared to death about you! Awkward! how could you manage to do it!" and then both indulged in a hearty laugh. The piano was finally pushed through the wide front door, and David sped—cuffless—down the street to his office.

Lucinda, left alone, breathlessly carried out all the rugs—none very large—and laboriously pinned them on the clothes-line—but the clothes-pin bag was half empty and the kindling box half full when this was accomplished.

Then came a sudden shower. Mr. Batsom's law career was suddenly interrupted by an excited voice over the 'phone.

"Dave! Dave! for heaven's sake come home quick—the piano—I—oh—I mustn't talk! Hurry home!" And the receiver clicked.

"My stars! She must be half dead, could she have tried to move that piano—oh horrors—my darling——" and he started on a run, bare-headed, never noticing the rain. He turned around the corner where he could see his home. A queer sight met his eyes.

"What in the blazes!" he ejaculated, his eyes staring. Two little boys were bending over the top of the veranda, holding rugs along the side of the porch. Lueinda, herself, stood in the rain, holding two umbrellas by the tip ends. Then he realized his ridiculous plight, and hers.

"Lueinda!" He caught her dripping shoulders and shook them gently. "Are you crazy?"

The two little boys snickered, but Lueinda held firmly to the umbrella tips. "If I were a man, a great, hulking man," her voice choked—"I'd do something 'sides shake my wife!"

David dropped his hands, then sprang on the veranda and pulled the piano back where the rain could not reach it. The two little boys let their rugs fall down to the muddy ground, where the grass was just starting, slid down a tree near the porch roof, and scrambled off.

"Well!" said the wrathful David. "Well, those look like our best rugs!" He pointed to the heap on the ground.

"Well!" said his resentful wife. "Well! You shook your wife and I wish I wasn't it!" And she walked into the house.

David took another hat from the hall rack, picked up the rugs, threw them over the back fence, and walked off, whistling. All the same he did not appear exactly happy.

At noon he walked home, his extra hat bulging out of his coat front. He hoped Lueinda had forgotten. The front door was closed, and he started around the side. The front room curtains were taken down and Lueinda was perched on a step-ladder, a big pan of water on the top of it, and was washing the windows. She gazed coldly at him.

David had regained a little of his temper. "Where's dinner?" he asked.

"You can take yours at the hotel. I'm not hungry."

"Oh, come now!"

"I'll try to leave your house clean."

David started off without a word. Lueinda sat down on the floor and began to cry. He didn't care! And he shook her, whom no one had ever dared touch. Then she heard David's step, and started up, but he was too quick for her.

"Forgive me, honey. I didn't mean it—I was so worried about you—you didn't say over the 'phone. I thought you were half killed. Come on, and eat."

Lueinda was hungry, and allowed herself to be fed. David left her—half appeased, after he had helped her in with the piano, and lavishly praised all her work.

When David arrived home that night the roof of the front veranda was white with pillows, feather-beds, etc. Lueinda herself was leaning out the upstairs window—smiling entrancingly at him.

"Joy! I'm forgiven!" thought David. He threw a kiss to her, and Lueinda, leaning still farther out, mouth opened to catch it, gave the roof of bed-clothes a little touch and they landed on David's upturned face and he was lost to view.

"Oh, Davie! Davie! He'll be suffocated," and she rushed down the steps.

With some difficulty David was extracted from under a monstrous feather bed. Lueinda sat fanning him, assuring him of her undying love and her perfect willingness to be shaken just when he wanted to. And David was—happy!

The next morning David went to the office with an appetite not quite satisfied and returned hungrily at noon, to find Lueinda again washing windows; this time the dining room ones. She smiled sweetly at him from the step-ladder.

"Davie, dear, I'm going to eat a cold lunch, and you just go over to mother's for dinner; that's a dear."

"To your mother's! Well, I rather guess not! Why don't you stop long enough to cook us dinners?"

"You mean *you* dinners. Very well. I'll stop; but I'll never get through this."

"I'll stay home and help you after dinner," volunteered David.

Lueinda sniffed, and hurriedly prepared lunch, which was eaten in strained silence.

"Where'll I get a pan?" David asked at its conclusion.

"I don't know," said Lueinda, indifferently. "I'm using most we've got. You might take the tub."

David sighed helplessly, but went out, hunted up the big tin tub, filled it half full of water, dragged it around to the dining room windows, got the big ladder from the barn, braced it against the house, scoured a dish towel and cake of soap and commenced work. He washed on the outside, Lueinda on the inside, and silence reigned supreme.

Suddenly Lueinda gave up—it was too ludicrous. She smiled out at him. But fatal smile! Happy David started, lost his balance, and finally landed on his back in the tub of water at the foot of the ladder.

Then Lueinda shrieked, at first in dismay, but finding him un-hurt, her dismay turned into laughter. Poor David's humiliation was

complete. He glanced around to see if he was watched. Mrs. Whittleby's lace curtain dropped into place again, and his neighbor, Jones, was walking by, his gaze riveted on some object across the street, though his shoulders were shaking suspiciously. David felt very near shaking his hysterical bride again.

"Get me my bath robe," he fumed at her.

She ran to do his bidding. "Don't mind me, Davie," she begged between spasms. "I don't think anyone saw you, truly I don't! Oh! Oh!" as he stalked majestically into the house with water trailing in his wake.

The next morning Lueinda got up early and David was given his favorite breakfast; but her eyes twinkled so they could hardly meet her husband's.

At noon dinner was ready, and David left Lueinda, lying on the couch reading. He began to look the future in the face once more. At four-thirty he came home in very high spirits. But no smiling Lueinda greeted him from window or door. He hurried into the house and up the stairs; the stair carpet was soaking wet! Great heavens! had there been a fire!

Lueinda stood in the middle of the back bedroom, garden hose in hand, the water pouring from it. She was striving in vain to stop the flow.

"Turn it off, Dave! Turn it off!" she shrieked.

David worked like mad for the next few minutes, sopping the water from the carpet, which fortunately was all that was injured, Lueinda having removed all the furniture before beginning operations.

"Well, Lueinda," said David for about the fiftieth time since house cleaning had started. "Well!" But his frightened, shivering, sobbing bride was in no mood to resent it this time.

"Oh, Davie," she sobbed into his coat sleeve, "you'd better send me back to mother; I must be era-a-zy. You said last night when I asked you about cleaning the ealsomine walls that I'd better turn the hose on them—and—I—I thought you meant it—so I put the garden hose into this upstairs window and turned the water on and when I got up here I saw everything was ruined, and I couldn't turn the water off. Oh, where are you going, Davie?"

"I have to 'phone," he said, determinedly.

Frightened, Lueinda followed to the library door. "Hello, employment agency. Send two of the biggest, strongest house cleaning women you've got to 716 Pine street early to-morrow. Yes—I'll give 'em five dollars a day—Don't fail me. Good-bye."

He took the radiant Lueinda in his arms. "Darling bride," he murmured, "let's take a night off at the theatre." And as she went off to dress he shook his fist at Mrs. Whittleby's window, groaned over his aching bones and felt his thin purse.

But soon his frown relaxed into a broad smile and he murmured fondly, "She's a dear, anyway."

EDITH DANIEL, '15.

Alton Yearly Hatchet.

Who's Who in the A. H. S.

VOL. II.

ALTON, ILLINOIS, JUNE, 1914.

NO. 1

GHOSTS APPEAR IN THE ASSEMBLY ROOM.

One morning when Jay Elbert Russell, chemist, and President of the Senior Class, ascended the rostrum to address the waiting hordes upon the subject of football support, to the surprise of almost everyone present, ghosts entered the Assembly Room by the northwest door at precisely thirteen and one-half minutes after nine. The ghosts were easily recognized as those of the "Spirit of '76." The first speetre looked very much like Harold Von Meyers and it was playing a clarinet just as badly as he does. After Mr. Von Meyers came Duteh, alias Charles McHenry, playing on a drum. Ludwig Schwartzbeck with a broken arm (broken especially for this occasion) was the third man and he made noise enough with one hand to cause our forefathers to rise out of their graves. Signor Bassanio Castella, our red-headed Italian clarinetist, followed Herr Schwartzbeck. The blue notes which came from his instrument were simply awe-inspiring.

The reason for the appearance of this spirit, Mr. Russell informed the children, was to inspire them with patriotism toward the debate team. After the orator had made a few more remarks and the ghosts had paraded a little more, they vanished into the thin air which is Harold Meyers' usual abode.

WELL KNOWN MAN ATTACKED BY DISEASE.

That prominent Irish statesman and orator, the revered Mr. McMullen, was striken with heart disease on October 13, 1913. While passing through one of the numerous corridors of Alton High School, Mr. McMullen felt a tightening of his heart strings caused by the disease usnally known as "amor pueri puellae" (Love of boy for a girl). He had just seen a very pretty Sophomore maiden whom he had never particularly noticed before. The attack has continued to afflict this estimable man during the whole year, and has grown so bad during the last two months that he can neither eat, sleep nor grow, and although formerly he was a good (?) cornetist, his playing now has become extremely ragged. Our distinguished fellow-citizen shows no signs of recovery, but let us hope that the disease will not be fatal.

Opportunity Knocks at Door of Eminent Musician, and is Re-fused Admission.

April 29 Sister Keyburtz was called upon to make his maiden speech at Alton High on "Athletics." The school went wild with applause and calls which kept np for two hundred and ninety-nine seconds. However, the cheering was not sufficient to call to mind a

suitable speech for the occasion and the school was obliged to go to recitation five minutes sooner than if Keyburtz had used his tongue. He is now suffering a nervous relapse due to the intense excitement of that four minutes, fifty-nine seconds.

The editors of this paper would like to give this little advice to Mr. Keyburtz:

Beware, opportunity knocks at your door but once in a lifetime.

GREAT AWAKENING OF ILLINI SOCIETY.

On the beautiful afternoon of April 24, in the year of our Lord, 1914, the Illini Society received a tremendous shock and has not fully recovered since. The program was leisurely progressing in its usual calm, peaceful manner, when suddenly a young elocutionist paused in her delivery, elevating her voice, drawled out:

"Miss Meiser, I can't pronounce this word."

After she had repeated this several times, Miss Meiser sufficiently recovered herself to inquire what was wanted. Some of the lightest sleepers heard the last words of the speaker:

"Oh, well, never mind now."

And *they* laughed while the others smiled sympathetically in their dreams.

A MUSICAL LOVE LETTER.

"My Dearie" "Ragtime Soldier Man."

"Let Me Call You Sweetheart" for "You Are the Ideal of My Dreams." "Last Night I Was Dreaming" of you

as I sat in "Meditation" "Down by the Old Mill Stream." For "Last Night Was the End of the World" when you said "Kiss Me, My Honey, Kiss Me" and I cried, "Stop, Stop." Then you began to "Cuddle Up a Little Closer," and "You Made Me Love You and I Didn't Want to Do It." So "I'm on My Way to Mandalay," "Where the Whippoor-Will Sings Marguerite" and at "Twilight" I will "Listen to the Mocking Bird" singing in "The Garden of My Heart" and I'll be "Just a' Wearying For You." But "When the Swallows Homeward Fly" on "September Morn" I will "Sail the Ocean Blue" and come "Home to Our Mountains," and will you be "Waiting at the Church" for your "Great Big Blue Eyed Baby?" Oh won't you "Send For Me" "When It's Apple Blossom Time in Normandy" and we will go "Sailing, Sailing" down "Moonlight Bay" into "The Harbor of Love." There "I'll Build for You a Little Nest" "In My Garden of Eden for Two" and it will be "Nights of Gladness" for "Just You and I and the Moon." "In the Evening by the Moonlight" we will "Row, Row, Row" "Down the Mississippi" but "Sit Down, You're Rockin' the Boat" And if you will "Meet Me in St. Louis" "Under the Anheuser Busch" I'll get out my "Low-backed Car" and we will ride to "Dixie" if I don't "Have to Get Under, Get Out and Get Under and Fix Up That Automobile." "Oft in the Still Night" "In My Dreams of You" "I Hear You Calling Me," so "Meet Me in the Shadows" "On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine,"

for "To-night Will Never Come Again" and this is the "Night of Love." "I Remember You" "At the Devil's Ball" when "Alexander's Ragtime Band" played "The Hesitation Waltz" and "Everybody Twosteped" I danced with "Billy" and when they played the "Maurice Tango" I said, "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie." "Some Boy" came up to me and said, "Go Home and Tell Your Mother, Your Sister and Your Brother That They'd Better Keep Their Eyes on You," and I said, "I've Got You, Steve," but "I Won't Be Home Until Morning." "The Fascinating Widow" danced the "Cubanola Glide" with the "Chocolate Soldier" and I heard him say, "Aren't You the Girl I Met at Sherry's" when "I Was Drunk Last Night." And she said, "I'm the Guy" but I'd had "Too Much Ginger!" "Everybody Loves a Chicken" but not with "Too Much Mustard."

"If Love Be Madness, Then I'm Insane" about "My Lovin' Honey Man," who is "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee" "On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away," and "When the Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam" I will "Take a Trip" so "Save Up Your Kisses" "My Baby" until "The Cricket on the Hearth" sings "The Bedonin' Love Song" and "When I Get You Alone To-night" I'll give you "Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss" for "This is the End of a Perfect Day" and "I Love You Truly!" Say that I'm not "Forgotten," that we'll be "Sweethearts" "Always."

"Goodnight, Sweetheart, Goodnight" "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold" I'm your "Sweet Genevieve."

HARRIET Y. BURNAP.

THE SCHOOL BAND.

On November 21, Mr. Haight was compelled to send an order to the powder works for some dynamite to clear the air about the school. This great density of the air was caused by the playing of the school band. The football manager, Mr. Edward Apollo Stafford, had assembled an aggregation of musicians (?) which might put Sousa's band off the map. This extraordinary conglomeration of men and instruments could play two selections—"The Three Crows" and "Ever to Alton," and these were rendered whether anyone wanted to listen.

The band went to Edwardsville with the football team and 114 rooters and played their repertoire over and over again. It was raining over at Edwardsville and on account of the rain and the inside the Edwardsville team could not get their breath. The music did not affect our team because they had now become inured to its terrors. Professor Von Meyers, a fat German clarinetist who had been equipped with a new pair of fore-eyes for the occasion, dropped the aforesaid fore-eyes on the Edwardsville pavement. He became peeved at this accident and refused to perform any more. Mr. Cassella of the amburn locks assisted Prof. Meyers in the production of blue notes. Senor Blase of the rural district (Upper Alton, to be exact), played his cornet until it was hoarse. Messrs. Schwartzbeck, Kolb, McHenry and Schoeffler, who were all indirectly concerned with the invention of rag-time, played the drum and made every-

one's feet move. McMullen, poor little boy, was worn out with tooting on his horn and with taking care of Eleanor.

After the Edwardsville game the band was dissolved. On May 1 it was reorganized and after a week's practice gave a creditable entertainment to the Pushmataha Society. The band went to the track meet and brought honor to themselves and the school by their performance.

JOKES.

Mr. Houts in Physics: "Can any of you girls explain the musical tones in closed pipes?" A moment later he said: "Lewis Pates?"

"Buzz" Nixon in Physics: "Mr. Houts, which is the coldest at zero degree? Melting ice or melting water?"

Mr. Haight in Astronomy class: "Helen, pronounce that word."

"Helen: "I can't."

Mr. Haight: "Then sneeze it."

Louis Beiser (after handing the conductor a nickel) says: "Nee night, isn't it, Mary?"

Conductor: "Ya, the other nickel, please."

(We wonder if Louis thinks that he and Mary ride on half fare yet).

Mr. Houts in Physics: "Every night is not a moonlight night."

Edith Daniels: "Last night wasn't."

Mr. Houts: "No, but it was a nice night."

Dodge, reciting poetry in Eng. Lit.: "Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight—O, goodnight."

Fred Barnard in Physics: "How far can an ordinary fish see?"

Burton Copley: "How far can you see?"

Heard in Astronomy. Mr. Haight (after Harford had been explaining about sunspots): "We don't know any more than we did before."

Harford: "Neither do I."

Lewis Pates in Physics: "Mr. Houts, is that a standard candle?"

F. Barnyard: "No, that's a Standard Oil candle."

Heard in Ancient History: "Cæsar had reached his fortieth year and had never led an army under his own auspices." Teacher: "What kind of spies did you say?"

Joe Dromgoole (translating Latin): "And thus the sea peacefully flowed into the Rhine."

On to war does "Dodgie" go,
He sees a greaser in the snow
Bang goes the greaser's pistols,
Dodgie turns and softly whistles
"Home, Sweet Home."

Mr. Haight: "Manhood suffrage was given to whom?"

Harold Harford: "To the men."

Quotation from a Junior's Eng. Test: "The Clerk possessed a skinny horse with lots of knowledge."

Chas Heenthal, when asked to tell the three kinds of levers, replied: "First, second and third class."

In Latin: "Longae sagittae pnero sunt." (The boy has long arrows).

A Freshman's translation: "Boys, they long for girls."



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In English, Miss T. (to Chas. Heventhal): "Tell me something about Bacon."

Chas., hesitatingly: "Well, he wrote Shakespeare."

In the lunch room planning a spread, Mae O.: "I will bring in a pumpkin pie, I would bring two but I would squash them carrying them down."

Theo. T.: "Then we would have squash pie."

"The widow owned a few cattle, among which were two very fine chickens." From Edith Daniels' composition.

A Sophomore, translating "Equites confecti vulneribus (The cavalry having been exhausted by wounds)" said: "The cavalry having masticated their wounds."

In German, Miss M.: "Roseoe, write a sentence with inverted word order."

Roseoe's sentence: "Isch ka bibble."

Written in an English test: "One of the prose writers was Shakespeare, who wrote in blank verse."

Mr. Honts: "In working in the laboratory always be very careful of the apparatus. We have to save it for future generations to use."

Harold Dodge in English: "Why, this is hell nor am I out of it."

Miss Tompkins: "Wilbert, what are the three classes of people in England?"

Wilbert: "The nobility, the middle class, and the pheasants."

Orland K., reciting in Eng. Hist.: "Richard was shipwrecked while marching to Sicily."

Miss Naylor in Comm.: "Druggists make a good bit by buying powders by the pound and selling them by the ounce."

L. Beiser: "Do they sell face powder that way?"

Schaefer: "No, they sell that by the ton."

Clarence to Eleanor: "Would you mind if I would go to see some other girl and have some other fellow to come to see you?"

Mr. Haight: "The chickens go to roost when the earth is eclipsed."

G. Braun: "Ha, ha."

Mr. H.: "I mean the ones with feathers on, not the others."

Mystery—Who broke the seat in Room 4? For further information, apply to Irene Fries.

Dick Ryan's answer in a Physic test: "The image in a concave mirror is located between the mirror and eternity."

In Chem. Class. Mr. Oertli: "Clarence, how is silver used in making mirrors?"

Clarence: "Why-a-why-a—oh, that's a secret."

HELPFUL HINTS.

Never study Latin or German. Miss Ferguson *bluffs* easy.

Never talk in the third study hall—the laws of the school are still enforced. For further information apply to C. H. H., Room 13.

Do not fail to laugh at L. S. H.'s jokes (?). Your grades may depend upon it.

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A CENTURY AGO.

An old school stands up on a hill
 Beneath a large oak tree,
 Now come and peep in at the door,
 Behold all we can see!

The master stands behind his desk,
 The scholars have just come;
 A dandy bunch of boys and girls,
 You know them ev'ry one.

"The room must come to order now,"
 The master sternly cries,
 But Hazel doesn't heed him,
 She's busy making eyes.

The little boy across the aisle
 Is nearly fussed to death,
 The things that Hazel says to him
 'Most make him lose his breath.

For Ira doesn't like the girls,
 But Hazel loves to tease.
 She nearly made him faint one day
 When she, his hand did squeeze,

Oh, see that smarty up in front,
 What is he up to now;
 He has a mouse held by a string,
 There soon will be a row.

For Nellie all unconscious sits,
 She's working, you can tell;
 Now Louie gently lowers the mouse,
 Oh, just hear Nellie yell!

And now confusion reigns supreme,
 And midst the great uproar,
 Poor Bertha drops her powder puff
 Upon the dusty floor.

The mouse runs madly here and there,
 More frightened than the girls;
 While Louie laughs in fiendish glee
 As round and round it whirls.

Eusebia is laughing, too,
 And thinks it all rare fun;
 She looks and winks at Louie,
 Then cries out loud, "Well done!"

But once more order is restored,
 The roll is quickly called,
 But Bertha Bishop is not there
 (Poor Clayton almost bawled).

And now, "My Country 'Tis of Thee"
 Floats on the morning breeze.
 B. C. is singing grandly
 But Maude and Hannah wheeze.

Now Clayton's called upon the floor,
 With song book In his hand,
 Because he couldn't get the pitch
 And up there has to stand.

Now Charlie twists 'round in his seat,
 And tells a funny joke;
 But no one seems to see the point,
 Tho' he's about to "croak."

See Genevieve there primping,
 And fixing up her curls,
 They look like little cork screws,
 The envy of all the girls.

And George is carving up his desk,
 While Sarah on her slate
 Is drawing teacher's picture—
 She rubs it out too late.

For he has crept upon her,
 And sees his picture there;
 There's no chance to mistake it,
 He knows it by the hair.

At this point Louie's papa comes
 To visit and inspect;
 The children now are good as pie,
 They show up well, you bet!

He speaks a word of praise to all
 And pats Clyde on the head.
 The little fellow's pleased, Indeed,
 And blushes very red.

Now all this happened long ago.
 These folks have changed by now,
 For many a head is turning gray,
 And wrinkled is many a brow.

To look at them you'd never guess,
 That they were ever bad,
 Especially when all our tricks
 Make them so very mad.

While Vinot looks with terror
 On her auntie's awful fate,
 She makes a face at teacher,
 And plainly shows her hate.

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O H I O

AMUSEMENTS.

"Seven Ages of Man"

A Shakespearian pantomime presented by a special deported troupe of English actors.

Cast of Characters:

"At first the infant" . . . Charles Forbes
"Then the whining school-boy, with his
satchel" . . . John Dresler
"And then the lover, sighing like a fur-
nace" . . . William Stewart
"Then a soldier, bearded like a
pard" . . . Charles Heventhal
"And then the justice in fair round
belly" . . . Edgar Degenhardt
"The sixth age, turning again toward
childish treble" . . . Douglas Johnson
"Last scene of all is second childish-
ness" . . . Paul Dooling

HARMONY ORCHESTRA.

Under the direction of Ludwig Von Beiser.

First Violin (1) (1) (2) (3)

Second Violin (4) (3) (4) (4) (5)

Pickalow—Tom Moran.

Sweet Potato—H. Calame

O'Beau—"Bub" Harford

Wind Instruments and Blowers—
Clarence Dennis McMullen, Joseph Tim-
othy Dromgoole, George Archibald Wal-
ter, Theodore Erastus Smith, Orville Os-
car Pierce, Walter Oswald Stafford.

Pipers—Helen Shine, Verna Brueg-
genan.

Gigglers—Ulla Gissler, Sadie Meri-
weather.

Traps—Mary McPhillips, Gould Hurl-
but.

(1)—Sick. (2)—Out of Town. (3)—Deceased.
(4)—In Love. (5)—Out of School.

And Robert's cramming for exams,
Central and Final, too.
His hair will turn to snowy white
Before his tests are through.

Fair Carolyn and Helen.
Are working at a play,
Which they themselves are writing,
And hope to give some day.

While Leela sits there humming
A bright and airy tune.
It starts out in this manner,
"Heigh! Ho! for merry June!"

They are so wise and dignified,
These teachers of to-day.
You'd never think when girls and boys
They whiled their time away.

And so here lies the moral,
"Though you may silly be,
Do not despair or worry,
Your future's plain to see."

For like these folks I've mentioned,
Some day you'll come out great,
And rival Mr. Richardson,
Or Mr. R. A. Haught.

H. B. and E. D., '15.

ECHOES FROM THE PLAY.

O, harken! Harken! Hear the news!
About the Junior Play
The class of nineteen fifteen gave
Upon the first of May.

The heroine was Flossie Rose,
She carried her part well;
A noble hero Lewis made,
I'll tell you he was swell!

And Dodge was the villain bold
The maiden aunt was Matt,
And Bill was Flossie's father
What DO you think of THAT?

Lucille was just too cute for words,
"Love's not my line," she'd say,
But you would hear a different tale
If you should question Ray.

Mary was a lady fine,
A lawyer, Quayne, was Gould;
And Arthur from Australia came
To see the villain fooled.

Elmer came home deep in debt,
(He was the Colonel's son)
But Dickie Hook made out a check,
And paid them every one.

"I do not wade!" "I never kiss!"
"And motor! Heavens! No!"
Were some of Aunt Agatha's lines
There WERE MORE I don't know.

"Oh, Madge! I have come back at last
And are you just the same?"
Chris cried. And Madge fell in his arms
But fled when old Rodd came.

"I'll drink your health," said good old Rodd
"And may you happy be,
I've known her since her childhood. Yes
I'll drink your health—in tea."

Said Hook, "I love the ground you tread,
Madge, will you marry me?"
"I must repay our debt!" thought Madge
And answered, "It shall be."

"I hate to break the news, Sir Bruce,
But I fear you've been fooled.
The company your stock was in
Alas! Has failed!" said Gould.

"You are not half a sprinter, Dick,"
Cried Dolly, out of breath.
"What creatures here upon God's earth,"
Said Aunt—most shocked to death.

"Where did you learn to dance so well?"
"In Melbourne—shilling hops."
But say—they sure did tango swell,
They spun around like tops.

"You love this Hook, you know you do."
"Yes, now I will confess,
I love him but it's not returned;
I am a fool, I guess."

But Hook was hidden in the chair.
He heard what Dolly said,
And asked her if she'd marry him,
While Dolly's cheeks grew red.

So Dolly marries Dickie Hook,
And Madge goes back to Chris.
While Aunt Agatha looks well pleased
For all is joy and bliss!

HARRIETT BURNAP, '15.

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BOOK WERE
ENGRAVED BY



WE AIM TO SATISFY OUR CUSTOMERS



TO YOUNG ORATORS.

We find in Hon. Champ Clark's recent speech on canal tolls, "Now, being the richest and most powerful nation on the globe, with a population of 100,000,000 souls—the very flower of the human race—we are asked," etc.

Aspiring young orators will do well to learn the above by heart. It is a piece of pure oratory from a master. It will stand the acid test. It can be thrown in at any time with perfect confidence that it will bring the audience to its feet in a mighty burst of applause. Don't let it get away, ye young Cieeros.

LOVER'S PROGRAM.

Solo, "O, for a Man" Lucille Lehne
 Paper, "Puppy Love" Walter Stafford
 Duet, "Love Me Little, Love Me Long" C. McMullen, Eleanor Crain
 Operetta in one act—
 Edgar Degenhardt, Hazel Crouch
 Story, "Love to the Cradle" Emmet Melling
 Grand Furole by the Sentimental Choral Club
 All accompaniments played by the Harmony Orchestra of Alton High School.

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PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

Where have you heard the following quotations?

- "One at a time, please."
- "That's only the first signal."
- "That's enough of that now."
- "May I speak to Lueille?"
- "I always sit in the roost."
- "Who's got some powder?"
- "Let me see your ehem. note book just a minute."
- "Did you get your bid to the dance?"
- "The play was just grand."
- "Didn't Lewis look eute."
- "Ladies and Gentlemen!"—"Hooray!"
- "Bathhouse Bolton."
- "Oh, Jaek, she's just erazy about you."
- "Put away your playthings."
- "Buy a Tatler."
- "Our teams need support."
- "Let that talking stop."

ANSWERS TO FORMER QUESTIONS.

- Name the Secretary of State. William Cullen Bryant.
- Name the American Ambassador to England. Woodrow Wilson.
- Name King of England. King John.
- What is new national revenue tax? Pareels post.
- Name general who led Carthaginians over Alps. Napoleon Bonaparte.
- When was battle of Waterloo fought? During Civil War.

When did battle of Gettysburg take place? During Revolutionary War.

What city is nicknamed "The Eternal City"? Zion City, Illinois.

What does the "South American Paris" stand for? Monte Carlo.

What city is represented by the "Hub of the Universe"? Edwardsville.

Locate Vera Cruz. In France.

What is the "Seourge of God"? The devil.

How can you avert the dangers of raw water? By not drinking it or by lighthouses.

What is a "ship of the desert"? A prairie schooner.

What is a chronometer? An instrument for measuring the velocity of the atmosphere.

What is a semaphore? A figure of speech.

Who was Pandora? A girl who let insects out of a box.

What is hexameter? One hundred meters.

Where is the Mona Lisa now? Lost.

Who said: "England expects every man to do her duty"? Lincoln.

Who was Jove? A character in the Bible.

How many wards in Alton? 99 wards.

Where is the Liberty Bell? In England.

What does "Uncle Sam" signify? Uncle Sam is a man who takes care of the mail.

What does Brother Jonathan signify? A kind of apple.

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—and last, but not least, the end of the book.

All things must come to an end.

The TATLER is finished, thanks unto all,

And we hope success will attend.

Here may we thank those who kindly lent aid,

And wished us well in our work,

And here may we say that all jokes are well meant,

And we hope that remarks will not hurt.

May each slam and each slur be o'erlooked with a smile,

And good feelings remain as of yore;

May our friends remain friends, as in days past and gone,

Goodfellowship reign evermore.





